What Kind of a Husband Will the Kaiser Make?

MIDNIGHT

A Macfadden Publication

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October 28, 1922

What I Beheld in the Law's Chamber of Horrors

My Midnight Hour with Gilda Gray

Do You Walk in Your Sleep? (See page 13)

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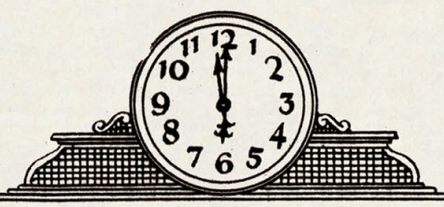

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VOLUME 1
NUMBER 11

When Winter Comes!

An Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden

IT isn't a case of "if winter comes," but "when winter comes," for the seasons never miss their appointed time.

We may hope for a mild winter, we may dip into the Southland, avoiding the rigors of a northern climate—but the coming of winter is assured.

And winter comes on life's calendar as well.

Youth and play are the Springtime of life; the sun should be high in the meridian during life's summer, the most productive years; the harvest should be garnered early — and then, the winter.

It's difficult for young folks to visualize the far future.

When the breeze blows delightfully warm and fair, winter seems a long, long way off.

Almost imperceptibly the shrill call of the locust gives way to the chill breeze of October; the leaves never die all at once, but one by one, it comes upon us that winter is hard upon the heels of fall. A feeling of sadness is ever attendant upon the first snow-flake.

That is the way life's winter comes.

You look in the glass one morning, and you find a gray hair; you discover a wrinkle; the days seem longer, while the months and years appear to pass with lightning speed.

Winter!

Too late then to recall wasted hours, spendthrift coin or opportunity unanswered. Too late, then, to bind up the shattered nerves, the weakened heart, the ease-bound muscles.

Now, in the Springtime of life, take heed for the winter.

Preserve the body, temple of the soul, as a holy place; use each hour to some constructive, manly purpose; ply whatever trade is yours with precision and judgment. Shun the low, the mean, the cheap, the shoddy—poor baggage to carry through life's journey.

Remember that just as the price and the scarcity of coal will affect your comfort and happiness throughout the coming winter, so will the price and scarcity of good health and a clear conscience affect the comfort and happiness of life's winter—so sure to come, so quick to arrive.

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What kind of Husband Kaiser

By an Intimate

The ex-Kaiser is going to be married! We know what kind of a husband he made when he was War Lord of a great people—what kind of a husband will he make now that he is simply a country squire at Doorn?

THE ex-Kaiser has played many parts in this changing world.

He has been Emperor, husband, father, critic, soldier, sailor, artist, author, composer and a score of other things—doing none of them remarkably well, and a few of them quite badly.

Now he is to play, for the second time, the bridegroom, and we may well ask how he is going to get away with the part of Herminie's husband.

Herminie, be it remembered, is thirty years younger than the Kaiser—another union of May and December.

Starting at the altar, and taking into consideration the ex-Kaiser's fondness for dictating the details of any ceremony in which he plays a leading role, we may assume that the wedding will be a splendid affair, as such affairs go.

Doubtless his large family will receive invitations to be present, though we have no means of knowing how many will accept.

William, August, Eitel, Albert and Oscar, his five sons with their families, may be numbered among the spectators on one side of the room; on the other side may be the five children of Herminie, who is herself a widow and the mother of three boys and two girls.

The picture at the top shows the estate at Amerongen, in Holland, where the ex-Kaiser will spend his honeymoon. Below is Princess Herminie of Reuss, who is soon to be married to Germany's former dictator. It is understood that the greater part of the bridegroom's rather extensive family does not favor the union. The bride will be known as Queen Wilhelmina of Prussia

There you have the ingredients of a picturesque family fight—inasmuch as Wilhelm's family objects strenuously to the marriage. They feel that the ex-Emperor might have decently waited a longer time out of respect for the late ex-Empress, who was greatly loved by her children. This seems quite unreasonable as he has been a widower for more than a year and a half.

Ordinarily a marriage that starts with ten stepchildren, more or less arrayed against each other, is bound to come a cropper. Whether Wilhelm and his bride can survive such a family maelstrom remains to be seen.

There may be a few monarchists at the wedding, for despite all the authorities can do to prevent it, Wilhelm dreams of regaining his throne—and there are not wanting those in Germany who share the dream. And they have opposed Wilhelm's romance.

His nuptials, too, may be haunted by the specters of billions of German marks, starved into submission by the holocaust that Wilhelm brought upon his country.

It will not be the happiest wedding in the world, and yet, so egotistical is the ex-Emperor that he may rise sublimely above all earthly considerations.

The honeymoon will be a short one.

They may not repair to any of the famous French, German or Hungarian water-places. Monte Carlo, Baden-Baden, the Riviera or Deauville will not see them. For the ex-Kaiser may not ramble more than five miles from Doorn House without feeling a hand on his shoulder and an admonition to get back where he came from.

The absence of a honeymoon may embitter his whole life.

For every woman, especially a young woman, feels cheated all her life if no honeymoon follows her wedding ceremony. And frequently, throughout a long life of otherwise married bliss, she sadly, on occasion, refers to the fact that they "didn't go nowhere like other people."

Now, much of Wilhelm's and Herminie's wedded bliss will depend upon their individual history and temperaments.

Of course, both having been married before, they will bring to the union a wealth of experience.

Herminie's first husband was Prince Schonaich-Carolath, a title of courtesy bestowed on him. She dropped her widow's weeds last October.

Like the ex-Kaiser, she is of royal blood, so he is not committing a social error in espousing her.

Indeed, the subject of a morganatic marriage was broached and indignantly rejected, as Herminie has nothing to apologize for in the matter of blue blood.

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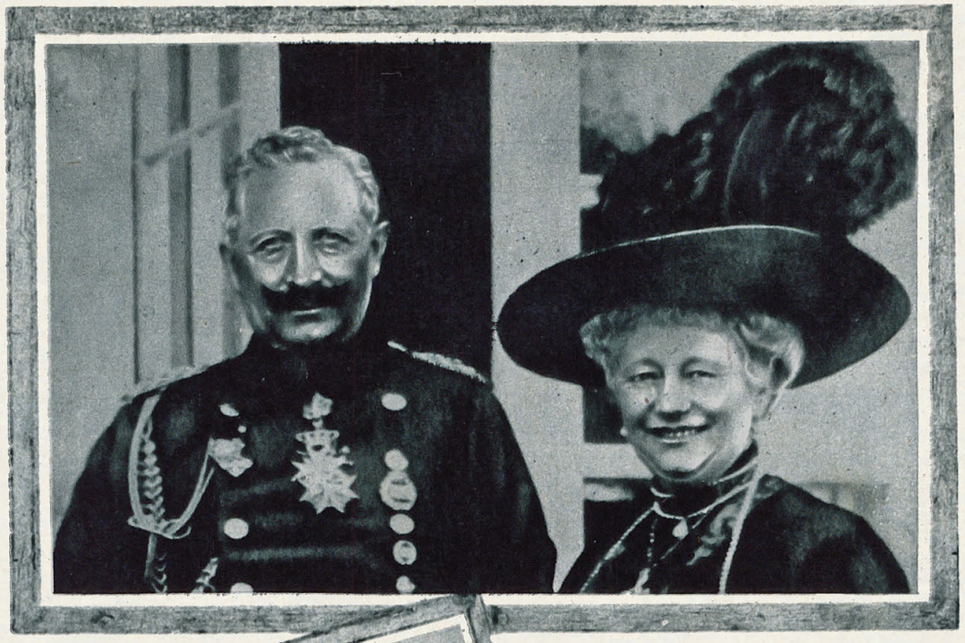
a will the make?



Friend of the Family

The top picture is of the ex-Kaiser and the late Kaiserin. At the left he is shown at the age of thirty-seven, when he was "doing his stuff"

It is said that Herminie has a temper. That has a sinister significance in view of what is known about Wilhelm's capacity for breaking up the furniture when crossed or annoyed.

Wilhelm's first wife, so it is said, held him to the line because of her fine tact, her even disposition and her skill as a typically submissive German house *frau*—but Herminie is of a different mould entirely.

A combat between Wilhelm and Herminie ought to be a spectacular event—and that such a combat will shortly rage with ever increasing fury few who know both of them can doubt.

All his life, until quite recently, the ex-Emperor has been accustomed to having his way about everything—and where he hasn't had it, he has been made to believe that he has.

He has applied, in his household, the same tactics that he employed on the battle-field—an iron hand, an indominitable will and a decision, once made, never revoked.

Whether age and experience, added to his sixty-five years, have softened him no man knows, though those closest to him assert that he is still the same bluffing, blustering tyrant so familiar to the world.

Why then does a young woman, royal herself, and fairly wealthy in her own right, marry the royal renegade?

Is it for money? Perhaps—for Wilhelm is the possessor of upward of a hundred million dollars, all of which, at his death, may become the property of his widow.

Is it for love? Probably not. Wilhelm is not the man to inspire love in any woman, especially a comely young woman like Herminie.

Is it for prestige? Probably. To be the wife of a Hohenzollern (a family for which, strange to say, there is still respect felt in some parts of the world) would be a distinction of no uncertain sort. At any rate, Herminie would be noted in history, and that might mean something to her.

Again, it is not improbable that the union may bring forth a real heir to the throne which, up to this time, is lost to the Hohenzollerns.

All five of the ex-Kaiser's sons are in bad repute in Germany. None of them inspire the least confidence, and if they ran for dog-catcher, it isn't likely one of them would be elected.

William's own ancestor, Frederick the Great, was the son of an ignorant, bigoted, self-opinionated, super-egotistical father much like the ex-Kaiser. And Frederick's mother, like Herminie, was useful, prudent, well educated and high minded.

If Herminie gives the ex-Kaiser a son with more than an ounce of brains, the monarchists may succeed in placing him on the throne—and then Herminie would be a queen mother of no little position and distinction.

(Continued on Page 18)

From what we hear of the Princess Herminie, although we are not so certain that she'll make the ex-Kaiser a good wife, we are darn sure she'll make him a good husband

The ex-Kaiser, looking a bit like Bernard Shaw, the late Kaiserin, and one of their grandchildren, orphan son of Prince Joachim

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"Treat 'Em Rough"

By

A FLAPPER

How to Handle Men---In One Easy Lesson

Girls! Do you want the men to stay put? Do you want them at your beck and call? Do you want them to think you the best thing that ever rolled her own, or bobbed her eyebrows? Of course you do. Then read this and learn! We hesitate to instruct you in an art that will give you so much power over us, but here goes. After all, marriage is like vaccination—sometimes it takes

ON with the rolled socks and jazz! More and better knees. Since Eve, we've stayed where we were put, manipulated dish pans and floor mops with one eye out for man's approval, and thereby caused hardly one worried line on his manly brow. Now we are having some fun at last. It's more fun to have preachers get red in the face and storm explosives at you from pulpits than have them going about patting your back—because you are such a good girl. Long skirts be hanged!

Down through the ages men have treated us rough. They have lied to us, drunk hootch behind our backs, made love to other women—and smoked. We hated to believe it, but we could bet they had been kissed once or twice, too, before laying themselves fresh and unsullied at our feet.

"Put your hand in mine, honey," pleaded an agitated male to a flapper the other day, "and swear I'm the first man you ever kissed." As his eyes were begging her not to shatter one more illusion done up in moth-balls since his early youth, in tones infinitely kind, she told him:

"I'll say you are the first—if you tell me I am the first." Fair enough, wasn't it? But his brows drew together, and a look, pained and hurt enough to kill a rabbit, rebuked her. There were mutterings of Hey, was this her idea of a good joke? and other similar remarks. Thus the little matter dropped.

Treat 'em rough!

Poor male brutes—what causes of annoyance we are. What boomerangs! We used to faint because you thought it pretty, we used to ogle and blush and lace—indeed, you wouldn't marry us if we didn't—and be guilty of many another sin against a sense of humor. Now that we leave off corsets, stride about in the light of day in knickerbockers and short skirts like thinking human beings—you have a bone to pick. These times, Heaven be praised, all that stuff about the vagrant male has gone the way of yesterday's strawberry festival and curled ostrich plume. The 1922 genus homo is too busy registering anxious thought on the goings-on of his women folks to travel fast and loose himself. The tang goes out out of the moonshine when your own sister is probably helping her best beau drink his in some quiet, secluded nook of a Hudson sedan.

Bobbed hair pays. The writer confesses to being one of those "bobbed haired things," and she can vouch that more proposals—honorable and dishonorable—are apt to drop one's way than in the former state of unshornness. After a week's experiment, she found that the modern man's attitude toward the shingle bob is almost Freudian. Impelled by some irresistible desire, torn between fright and longing, his fingers gradually stray toward, then become entangled in, the shingled locks; in another minute he finds himself rumpling them. Repeating this process twice over—count ten—and he is yours. To have and to hold—take him or leave him! Yes, the year's quota of engaged girls has doubled and trebled since bobbed hair became the fashion.

Indeed, doubled and trebled at such speed that the demand nowhere equals the supply. More than one modern girl can report that to keep everybody happy she has to take on two fiancés and sometimes three. She ranges them alphabetically, such as Fiancé A—dead in love with her and whom she will probably marry; Fiancé B—his passion is milder, yet of sufficient candle-watt to snatch her up if A should fail in Wall Street or die in an aeroplane accident; Fiancé C exists merely to take her out to dinner on odd nights, and egg A and B on. Shake all three together, season well, and play each against other with clear brain and clever manipulation of technique—and the result is that the younger generation is prepared against any catastrophe.

Treat 'em rough!

ONCE there was a sad, sad story. A young lady, quiet, grave and trusting—and a man, as it happened. Well, the man wooed and won the heart of the quiet, grave and trusting maiden, and she had her conventional quota, of sweetpeas each Thursday night, tea and theatre on Saturday—and, oh, yes, a diamond ring! Life seemed to spread out fair and beautiful beneath the feet of this young lady, and she looked forward to a vista of years, wherein she would walk hand in hand with her big, strong man and gaze trustingly into his eyes with her grave, gray ones.

She collected table-cloths and initialed towels, dainties and filmy undies. You wouldn't believe it—but girls do it yet, whatever F. Scott Fitzgerald tells us of the 1922 brand—a hope-chest began to rear its head and look around. And it soon got crammed and jammed. It even issued loud and lusty laughs. Now, four months is a robust age for a hope-chest these days, but six months finds it of a certain ripeness, as the French say.

Ah, he didn't throw her over. Speak easy, speak easy, he was a gentleman. But there are several ways a man can get his ring back, and some of you who read these lines will probably know more about the process than I. One time-worn method, I believe, is that of turning the daily special delivery into a weekly publication, then bi-weekly, next step monthly—and so on *ad nauseam*. It's a cruel, wrenching thing, but it works.

Thus the quiet, grave and trusting maiden becomes one of the most pathetic things in history—a near-bride. No Fiance B to rush in the breech and lift her by the scruff of the neck into a six-cylinder Stutz, and with flags flying, to an exclusive midnight club for an evening of jazz. Even a third-rate Fiancé C fails to show the hope-chest-chap where to get off at. What a state of affairs that such quaint comedio-tragedies should be staged in the present enlightened era of the cigarette-holder! Eggs, it seems, are still carried around in one basket.

Every woman needs three men. One to gnash his teeth at her wedding, another to stay hopelessly, comfortably in love with her to a ripe age—and a husband. And as she looks back through the mist of years, it is the teeth-gnashing suitor, however, that has taken on the halo of the matinée idol. A glamour clings to him such as never clung to E. H. Sothern in his slenderer years, nor that clings to Wallie Reid now. Even though he marries, he has become half-saint and half-Arrow-Collar-Ad, and Friend Husband is only too well aware of the fatal attractions of his former rival those mornings he forgets the good-bye kiss. Further moist allusions smite him on his tenth anniversary day—if he should happen to forget it.

How else, let me ask you, can a wife be guaranteed a devoted husband and a serene matrimonial sea, failing that one man who gnashed his teeth at her wedding? Upon him rests the entire structure of her married life. His is the job, though he may never know it, of safeguarding her against the predatory instincts of the "other woman," who may pop up any minute and covet her man.

Yep, you've got to treat them rough!

You've got to keep them on the jump, you've got to coquette, train them to heel—and never, never let them suspect they have you until your wedding day, if then. The wise virgin is she who, like one of my acquaintance, raises her eyebrows in surprised innocence at such an absurd, old-fashioned piece of furniture as a hope-chest. To date, as I understand it, she has put off her man five times, with the result that she has him sending her frantic telegrams of appeal, special deliveries twice a day, and bushels and bushels of thought waves. As for a trousseau—dear me, wasn't it our grandmothers who used to be collecting pajamettes and step-ins two years in advance? My friend informed me, and even I felt a little shiver of shock, that *her* trousseau could be gotten in a half hour tour of a fifth Avenue shop.

You know now why the modern girl is so apt in the matter of growing an indestructible heart. The more faithless she is, the more a wild young thing, the better for her. These days, beauty is a drug on the market and competition keen. Anybody can trespass on your preserves who has the price of a permanent wave and non-breakable face powder. Adam told Eve to stop using that lipstick way back in the Garden of Eden, and then turned around and took Lady Lilith out to dinner because she beaded her eyelashes, doubtless, and rolled her hose. Such is man.

Since the Stone Age, all facts of history point that this little planet has been a vale of sorrows watered by women's tears. Man has lived and died and enjoyed himself as the prime transgressor. Mere poetic justice demands our turn now at cigarette-smoking, philandering and petting. Let's keep them worried to the tune of "Where's my wandering girl tonight."

Yes, girls, treat 'em rough.

And tell 'em nothing!

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My Midnight Hour with Gilda Gray

by Regina Cannon

The alluring Gilda Gray—oh yes, it's she, herself. She is registering shyness, we firmly believe—or perhaps it's cold

Once more we have the adorable Gilda. A few more clothes, to be sure, but Gilda, just the same

Oh, the wicked, wicked Follies! The midnight revels, the alluring women, the—oh, the everything! You simply must read about them, and about Gilda Gray, the ringleader

SH-SH-HH! Doesn't the title to this story sound thrilling?

The very word "midnight" conjures up visions of wild parties, Scotch high-balls, swift-moving taxicabs and motor cars, unbridled hilarity—and—and—all the sort of things the up-lifters talk about—you know.

Bud add the name of the reckless-est dancer of the Folly-est show in the wickedest town on earth—doesn't that make little shivers chase each other up and down your spinal column?

It did that to me when I found myself scheduled for an interview with Gilda Gray, star of the Ziegfeld Follies—and at that time I had no expectation, I think I may say *hope*—that the party would extend into midnight. But it did, and beyond that!

But wait! I'm coming to the awful disclosure in due time. Read on. If you are shocked, as I certainly was—but let me begin at the beginning, early in the evening, and lead you on gradually to the thrilling climax.

I had heard wild stories of the graceful Gilda—who hasn't? No efficient pressagent would neglect that indispensable part of what the dear public demands. They see to it that the entertainment seekers get everything they long for—at least expectantly.

My appointment was for eight o'clock behind the scenes of the *Follies!* Get that—behind the scenes of the *Follies!* Can you 'magun?

I was so excited I could hardly remember my home number as I telephoned my watchful family that I wouldn't be home until late.

"Yes, if you must know, *very* late—midnight! Don't bother to sit up for me!" All that I says nonchalantly, blase-ishly.

"Where are you?" came the anxious tones over the wire.

"At the *Follies*," says I, without thinking, "backstage."

I could hear the gasp of my maternal parent and I decided that further disclosures would be foolhardy.

Just in time I remember the ancient advice about discretion being the better part of choler.

"At the *Follies*," I heard her say. "Behind the——"

Just at the psychological moment the telephone operator "cut us off." Some telephone operators have hearts, despite all the evidence to the contrary—though in this case maybe it was not so much heart as nerve!

I put the brake on my conscience as I hurried toward the theatre. I was out to see how wild women acted on wild parties and no wild entreaties would swerve me from my purpose. I must have had some uplifting ancestors myself—I so yearned to know and see the worst.

Gilda Gray in her famous South Sea number. Please write us if you find her particularly difficult to look at

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A colored maid answered my knock on the door of the star's dressing room. Miss Gray had not yet arrived. Good! I'd be able to get an uninterrupted slant on the place. I wasn't going to let one evidence of Corypheean extravagance escape my eager eye. Surely I'd see walls done in black satin, embroidered with purple and gold dragons, a beautiful chaise lounge buried under bright silken cushions, carved golden wall brackets radiating dim amber lights, monogramed cigarettes of rare and intoxicating aroma, silver decanters containing—what? Ah, that it should be my duty (pleasant to be sure) to find out. Mentally I sniffed the deep rich perfume that would pervade the spacious room!

Alas! Such a shock! Nothing doing!

MISS GRAY'S dressing room was as devoid of luxury as any honest working girl's, as Puritanical in its barrennes as a Y. M. C. A. dormitory.

I was shocked—that's what I was. And a bit peeved too, just like the professional "bring-'em-to-the-light-ers," when you tell them you think you're saved and don't need to go forward.

"Why, why," I almost gasped as the trim, colored maid motioned me to a chair. But then I consoled myself with the thought that "She's only here for a few minutes, of course." I'll bet that her "den" at the Rendezvous will be some Babylonian adventure.

The door opened quietly and Gilda Gray interrupted my meditations.

"Excuse my being late," she cried briskly, peeling off the jacket of her simple tweed suit, "I've got to hurry now and dress for my number. We'll chat later."

Another shock! This business-like young person, without a trace of make-up, minus a single scrap of jewelry, utterly free from any suspicion of "staginess"—Gilda Gray, the star dancer of the Follies?

Impossible! I was being cheated. She wasn't Gilda at all. I'd discover later. She began at once to dress—or rather I should say, to undress, for her South Sea number. For about five minutes she kept taking off things. At length she stopped, having attained an unholy ultimate—to say nothing of intimate—reached for a few strings of beads and what looked like a couple of strands of shredded wheat, slid into them and declared, "I'm ready!"

"I didn't hear anybody say your bath was prepared," I was about to venture. Surely, she would put on another bead, anyway, I thought.

At that moment, the call-boy announced, "South Sea number!" and the young person ran straight to the stage. Yes, she must be Gilda after all!

When I finally recovered my balance and had got my mouth shut I made a dash after her and stood in the wings.

Miss Gray entered down stage. Wild applause greeted her. Whatever may be their delusions about her, she certainly is beloved of the habitues of Broadway.

A slow, haunting strain came from the orchestra and the dance was on. Gliding, sliding, turning, in sinuous curves and rhythmic motions and seductively fascinating postures, the graceful, smiling creature held her audience spell-bound.

Surely no alluring dusky-skinned maiden of the South Seas ever danced with more primitive, passionate abandon. Surely none had less on—and kept out of jail.

Wild applause greeted her as she finished and she responded with the "shimmy" through which Gilda has come into fame and fortune.

In three minutes it was all over—all except the applause which continued vociferously. Gilda had, as usual, stopped the show. Slowly her muscles began to lose momentum and slip back where they belonged.

She came back stage seemingly oblivious to the hand-clapping and the calls that persisted out front long after she had vanished behind the curtains.

"Come on," she said to me, taking me by the hand as though she had known me all her life. I felt overdressed, smothered.

She led the way back to her dressing room, took off the three strings of beads and donned a diminutive white satin suit to be ready for her next number.

I sat wrapt in admiration of her blonde beauty. Soon she hurried out for her next dance which was done on a darkened stage. In this dance at least, Gilda doesn't depend upon her beauty to get her across. Her personality is felt even when she is not seen.

In still another number where the stage is brightly lighted, Gilda "blackens up," which is sure proof that she is "there with the goods," for the number is invariably applauded to the echo.

Finally the *Follies* was over. Gilda hurriedly got into her street clothes and we made for the door.

Here I braced myself for a thrill. I'd see a line of stage-door Johnnies extending from the New Amsterdam Theatre to Broadway. I would see handsome roadsters marshalled by the sons of the Astorgoulds and Whitbilts enticing Gilda to a night of pleasure. Sure, that's what I'd see!

When we reached the sidewalk there was only one car in sight. Miss Gray's own. To be sure, there was quite a throng of admirers, mostly girls, waiting for a glimpse of the Follies' star.

Gilda made straight for her machine and sat modestly in the corner.

"I'm tired," is all she said. Then she added politely, "I hope you don't mind my taking you with me."

(*Continued on Page 30*)

On this page we show Gilda Gray in two unaccustomed poses As for her clothes—of course, we could say something about trying to "gild a lily"—which would not only be a bad pun, but a misquotation as well. Please pay particular attention to the bustle—it's our impression that when they wore bustles they also wore the skirts just a trifle longer—er,—we mean,—the skirts,—so to speak—anyway, "what's wrong with this picture?"

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So Spake Sumner

By Edgar F. Stone

"I do not believe in censorship," aid John Sumner in this most surprising interview. Now, if there was one man in all the world who believed in censorship, you'd think it was this John S. Sumner, watchdog of our morals insofar as the printed word is concerned. There are other illuminating things in this interview—statements and viewpoints that will interest you—whether you agree with Sumner or not

"THE perpetuation of society depends on the suppression of the fundamental natural instincts."

So spake John S. Sumner, superintendent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

A moment before he had specified that the two most fundamental natural impulses are those of self-preservation—or the hunger for food—and of—race preservation—or the hunger for sex gratification.

I was startled.

Society to be made permanent by suppressing the desire for food and by suppressing the desire to beget children!

I had a vision of men and women starving to death for lack of food; and childless for lack of sex relations.

I expressed my bewilderment.

"No, I don't mean that," said Mr. Sumner. "We restrain the desire to take food to the extent that if a man is hungry he can't go and take food that does not belong to him."

"But in time of revolution that is precisely what happens," I reminded him. "If the food hunger gets too widespread and too powerful it cannot be restrained."

"Yes, but those are extreme cases," said Mr. Sumner. "What I mean is that society as now organized demands the recognition of social laws. We can't take what belongs to others. And in the matter of sex it all comes back to the home as the foundation of society. I mean we can't have society perpetuated as it now is without enforcing laws that will restrain men from taking what does not belong to them and that will uphold the institution of the home."

"Oh!" I said.

As I left the comfortable office of the superintendent on 22nd Street, where the society occupies the ground floor of what was evidently the residence of some old New York family, the superintendent having what must have been the old family parlor or dining room—I found to my consternation that my hat did not fit my head. It was miles too big.

The hat looked perfectly all right, in color and shape. But it would not do. I had the superintendent's hat. We exchanged again, with good-natured laughter, for the officer had been most courteous throughout our hour-and-a-half interview. But the hat that would not fit seemed symbolic. We tried earnestly and honestly—but we cannot think each other's thoughts, any more than we can wear each other's hats.

And I think that is the fundamental difference between us. Mr. Sumner is most interested in suppression. To him that is the chief consideration—in life and in society.

It seems to me that that is beginning backward.

It seems to me more important to provide for the production and distribution of food than to provide for its control; more important to produce a new generation than to control the private behavior of the generation now alive.

I am not blaming Mr. Sumner for the views he holds; I am trying to tell you what they are and how he came by them. We got along famously together. We could smoke each other's cigars—and we did—even if we could not wear each other's hats.

Mr. Sumner began life in the home of an American naval officer at Washington, 46 years ago. His early home life, he told me, was pleasant, but discipline was a big element in it.

John S. Sumner, Superintendent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, who unburdens his mind for you here

And I thought I could detect in his attitude toward social and public questions that early reverence for discipline. People must behave. That is his determination.

COMING to New York as a young man Mr. Sumner entered the brokerage office of Henry Clews on Wall Street. He advanced in the sales division of the organization till he was responsible for the sales letters of a department.

Then he decided to become a lawyer, entered the New York University Law School, being graduated in 1904.

Asked about his first interest in the Society for the Suppression of Vice, he said that one of his clients was an influential member of the organization and asked his aid in some of the society's affairs. Then, as Anthony Comstock's vigor grew less, he was asked to familiarize himself with the work of the society, and when Comstock died, in 1913, to become its head.

No one can talk with Mr. Sumner for an hour and doubt his honesty and integrity. He gives the impression of being still a young man. And while his earnestness and honesty are beyond question it cannot be said that he impresses one as being altogether calm, poised, thoroughly sure of himself.

He has the attitude of a fighter who is not quite sure what or whom he is fighting—and why. But he's gotten into the fight, and he's going to keep in it. He evidently believes in the theory—which certainly has something in its favor—of blazing away and doing something even if you are not quite sure what you are doing is the thing to do. Such fighters believe that matters will clear up as they fight, and as a matter of fact this is often the case.

I tried to search the depths of Mr. Sumner's eyes, and imagine the causes of the troubled, anxious, questioning furrows in the brows above them.

Was he familiar, I tried to learn, with the developments of the new psychology, with, for instance, the work of psychoanalysts? No, he was not. He had dipped into it a little but thought it unscientific.

But the New York Times, that always and only prints what is fit to print, referred this very day to an editorial in an authoritative medical journal which stated that the medical world has acknowledged at last that psychoanalysis has some scientific value.

"Yes, but that was merely the opinion of the writer of that editorial. I don't think it has any scientific value."

"You have read copies of the Psychoanalytical Review, haven't you, in which the psychology of sex is discussed with such startling frankness?"

"No, I never have."

"Hm!"

"Have you noticed the writings of Theodore Schroeder, perhaps? Particularly his pamphlet on obscenity, which contains an unqualified endorsement by Havelock Ellis?"

"Yes; I know Schroeder's position about that—that obscenity exists only in the mind of the person who reads or looks."

"What is your definition of obscenity? That is clearly the function of this society—to suppress obscenity. What is obscenity?"

"The courts have defined that very clearly——"

And I copied carefully as he quoted:

"Anything that will excite lewd and licentious thoughts in the minds of those open to such impressions."

"Well," I smiled, "doesn't that merely push the definition further back. What are the definitions of 'lewd' and 'licentious?'"

He began to define and I went on copying—but he stopped me.

"No," he said, "I don't want to be quoted on that."

So there was no thoroughfare up that road.

"The curious thing to me," I ventured, "is that all through nature, till we come to man, sex is a beautiful thing. Think of the flowers. Every bit of flower fragrance, every lure of bee and sip of honey means sex—the sex life of the flowers. It is sweet and lovely. Why when we come to man is it nasty and dirty, and naughty?"

Mr. Sumner shifted nervously in his chair, but came back promptly:

"It's not nasty and dirty and naughty. I don't say that."

"What is it you do say, then?" I urged.

"I say that when the sex impulse is not controlled it becomes unsocial, anti-social."

(Continued on Page 31)

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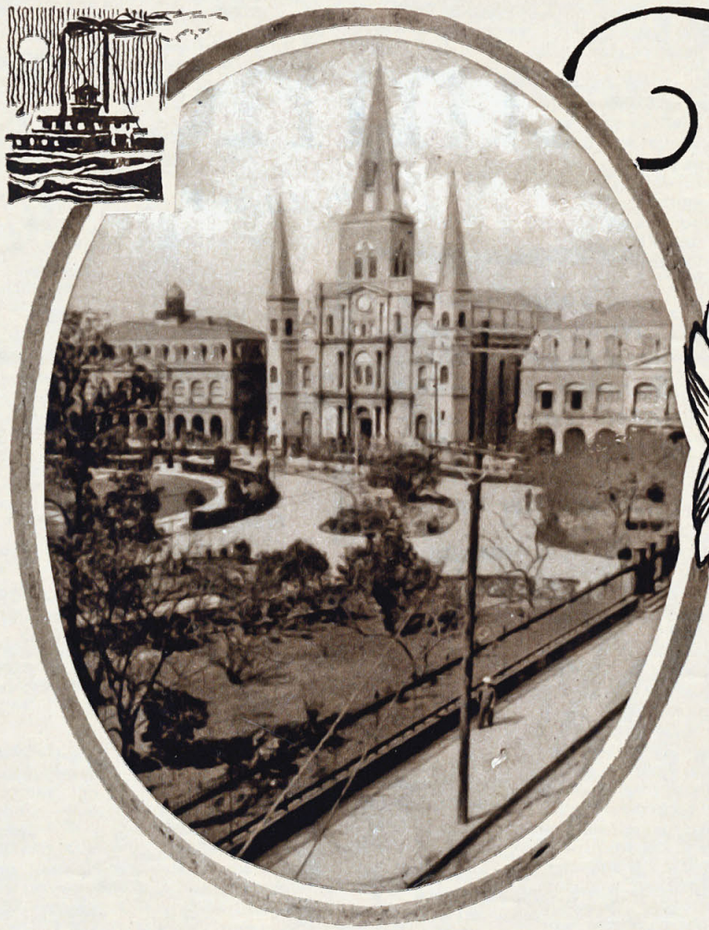
Naughty



This is another of MIDNIGHT'S "Tales of the Cities," which have proven enormously popular. It appears that New Orleans is not so innocuous as one might suspect; it also appears that there are facts about New Orleans that are whispered rather than mentioned in company. Here they are—look 'em over. Above, to the left, is the picture of Jackson Square, with the Cathedral of St. Louis and the old Spanish Council House at the left. To the right is the Post Office Building

HIGH above New Orleans floats the opalescent glow in the tower of the Hibernia building—the city's loftiest skyscraper, built upon a foundation of piling that extends almost as far below the surface of the quicksand-underlaid ground as the superstructure rises above it, and that's twenty-three stories. It's as big as the pilot house of a sizable tug, that light, and all of 2,000 candle-power throw their lure into the beams that are visible to the steersmen of luggers in Lake Salvador on one side of the city; to the pilots of steamers threading the channel of the Tchefuncta river into Lake Pontcartrain on the other; and to the captains of ocean-going vessels 40 miles down the Father of Waters and the Mother of Pipe Lines to the tropics, which are a thousand or so miles away but seem close by Volsteadean comparisons.

What a beacon it would have been "before the war," when New Orleans was the great amusement center of the South—the metropolis towards which the raftsmen, the bargemen and the steamboatmen strained for weeks and months, and when they reached it, found the entertainment so fast and furious that the wealth of the Caliph of Bagdad couldn't have stood the gaff for a fortnight! What a star of hope that light would have been in the good old days when, we are told, men were men and, by a blessed provision of nature women were women!

Visitors would have been met by a steering committee to show the way to the best conducted roulette wheels this side of Monte Carlo; and by the advance agents of the drinks that made the rest of the world jealous; and by the emissaries of the famous—or infamous, if you are in the anti-frame of mind—Mahogany Hall—the palace of the octoroons, which is still a wicked and delicious tradition, or the other fortresses of feminine allurements that could be stormed only in a dress suit—piles of stone and masonry that have now descended to the level of cheap boarding houses, where you pay in advance, no matter how large your display of baggage.

But now the pillar of fire leads the fretful wanderer (until he learns to watch his step) into the pitfalls of law and order. For New Orleans has gone good—on paper; the marble mixing-table of the Old Absinthe House, pitted by the overflow of the delicious beverage, from which it takes its name, has been supplanted by a new slab on which repose coca cola glasses; automobile poker is the only outward and visible sporting proposition to tempt the stranger that is within the gates; the law against decorating the sidewalk with the by-product of plug cut is sure to be enforced against visitors; and even the police department finds itself, in the unaccountable whirl of fortune's wheel, to be in a respectable neighborhood; for the bar-room on one corner—noted in the old days for the fatness of its flies—is now an automobile filling station; the bar-room on the other corner has become a furniture store; Chinatown, beginning at the third corner, sells more of the soft shelled, pebble-surface nuts that are mainly seed, than it does dope; and Mahogany Hall on the fourth corner has been demolished and in its place rises a hospital.

Out at Spanish Fort, even—that land of roller coaster mountain peaks, cloth and tinsel caverns and wooden flume underground rivers; where the hot dog rages on his native heath and the adventurous can indulge in ferris-wheel aeronautics; and where jazz, in this day of grace, is lord of all—in Spanish Fort, the faith of the tired business man, the hope of the unsophisticated flapper, and the charity of the leather-lunged barker who offers you unspeakable opportunities for a thin dime, there has been a recent ruling that dancing must be seen and not felt, and the manager of the pavillion found himself out in the cold, cold world, a few weeks ago, because he could not forget that he had been raised on a farm and allowed cherry picking and melon-rolling.

OH, times, oh manner, when a city of 400,000 goes good—on paper; sets the blast of a municipal ordinance under and underworld that had its own social register and blows the fragments all over creation; and makes such a place of cheer as Tom Anderson's cafe as quiet as a negro camp meeting after the Ku Klux Klan has passed!

Shades of Bienville and Lafitte! What a time the body of Paul Morphy must have, turning in his grave!

Is it any wonder that Canal Street looks like Goldsmith's deserted village at midnight, and that the owl cars don't even have proper chaperonage to the barns?

But this is New Orleans proper—New Orleans of the ordinances. New Orleans improper—New Orleans, the happy hunting ground of the night hawk, lies beyond the busy marts of trade. The hicks from the provinces of New York and Ocean Springs must simply learn the ropes, and then they will find that the good ship Entertainment will handle well in all weather.

The shortest road to wisdom is to consult one of the gasoline brethren. There are taxis to suit every taste in color—high yellow, chocolate brown, and graveyard black—and the drivers thereof know every primrose path in this section.

They will first teach the questing one how to bear himself in such a nonchalant manner that he can order tea, in the temples of the brass rail, without the remotest possibility of being served the beverage which Sir Thomas Lipton's procession of Shamrocks advertised. The world will begin to take on a roseate hue right away, for the strange

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New Orleans

By Thomas Ewing Dabney

The upper picture is the Custom House, built seventy years ago. Below is St. Charles Avenue, a beautiful residential street. These pictures will give you a mild idea of the charm of the ancient city, and Mr. Dabney's observations should complete the job. New Orleans, it is said, has gone good—on paper. "O tempora, o mores!" as old boy Cicero used to say—which is Latin for "How do they get that way?"

will discover that the Rue Royale—famous in all stories of old New Orleans—is no longer called by that entitlement. It is now known as Four-bit Alley, because the standard price of a drink in every well-conducted bar is fifty cents. Of course, it is possible to find stuff that is cheaper, but that is of low variety—not to compare with the smooth bourbons and the tasty Scotches that are in the half-dollar class.

At times, the bottom drops out of the market, and drinking becomes so economical that it loses its zip. Such a pleasant time was had by all a few months ago, during the Knights Templar Convention. To prepare for the visitation, the bootleggers laid in enormous stocks. For weeks in advance, the steamers that swam up the Mississippi, and the launches and schooners that came around the back entrance of Lake Pontchartrain, brought in the supplies. The creak of blocks unloading the stuff, and the roar of trucks carrying it to the emergency depots, kept the city awake at night.

And when the Knights came, they were either teetotallers, or they dasn't touch a drop, being in uniform and under discipline.

The market was glutted, and the bears made a raid that will not be forgotten in many a long day. It has taught the bootleggers caution. They now investigate the antecedents of a convention very thoroughly before they invest any of their hard-earned dollars to meet hypothetical tastes.

New Orleans has a bountiful supply of liquor—which is the fountain of youth for the midnight prowlers—because it is a port and because it is New Orleans, with a population so heavily Latin by birth and inclination that it laughs even louder at Volstead than Love does at locksmiths. Unfortunately, the Association of Commerce has not kept the statistics, so it is not possible to say with certainty how much more liquor New Orleans is now getting than it did before the July 1st that for a week or so was thought to foreshadow the end of the world. But hooch-hunting is now a sporting proposition, and we all know how efficiency improves when a thing is put upon this basis, so any sort of an estimate is permissible.

AFTER the stranger loses the wild look in his eyes that suggests he has recently smelt one of the quaint old courtyards of Chartres Street, or that he heard somebody say "Ramos," and is wondering if it is like the pralines that the negro mammies used to sell until the St. Charles and Grunewald hotels ran them out of business, he can hardly enter a restaurant that is famous for its cooking (these are all situated below Canal Street, in the Vieux Carre, as the poetical call it, or Frenchtown, as the prosaic call it) without being importuned to name his pizen. He can go the whole blind pig, from an absinthe appetizer, to a creme de menthe pousse cafe; if he were admitted to the storeroom, the piles of champagne baskets would open his eyes wider than a vampire does a rich man's purse.

And while the prohibition agents make the occasional raid that reminds newspaper readers how fortunate they really are, the Hibernia glow warms the city and countryside like a friendly wink.

Under the skilful guidance of the chauffeur, there is no danger of one committing the grievous faux pas of visiting Bucktown or Little Woods in the shank of the evening. They are dead then. That is to say, they are not yet alive. One must catch them around the thigh of the night (to continue the metaphor as far as it is safe) in order to catch them in the glory that will make quick work of the prodigal son.

Bucktown-on-the-Sewer! How many miles of type have been unrolled before it, like a wedding carpet! There is hardly a newspaper man alive who hasn't fleshed his cub teeth upon that dainty morsel; hardly an old stager, coming South for the first time, who hasn't discovered it all over again.

It's a little to the left of West End, is Bucktown—West End being the resort at the end of the New Basin Canal shellroad, along which our grandfathers trotted their blooded horses in 2:40 and then bragged to all creation, while their decadent descendants pour their gasoline buggies down it in as close an approximation to nothing flat as the temperamental condition of the girl in the front seat will allow them.

It is Bucktown-on-the-Sewer because the Seventeenth Street drainage canal debouches into Lake Pontchartrain on its hither side—said canal forming the boundary line between New Orleans and the Free State of Jefferson, as the neighboring parish is called, because of its breadth of tolerance. Long after the rest of this section had given up the slot machine and the roulette hall, those two noble institutions flourished in their pristine glory in this remnant of Jeffersonian simplicity. But even they have departed now—at least until the winter season is in full blast.

At Bucktown-on-the-Sewer two cabarets flourish, one a lower floor affair, and one an upper. The timorous visitor, estimating the possibilities of being thrown out, in the gentle fashion of the movies, is apt to choose the lower for his first exploration.

They are tawdry enough places—until the bootleg

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begins to brighten up the colors and justify the shrieking and clanging jazz bands. One is sure to find some ladies of pleasant hospitality there, but understand, there is no rough stuff pulled on the premises. No one is admonished to watch his hat, and while it is true that the ladies are accomplished smokers, it's nothing more than one will see at the swellest restaurants in town, and even in one of the most fashionable millinery shops, which has recently installed a smoking parlor for its patrons. The dancing is really more respectable than one sees in many a private house of the haut mode. It has to be.

The joke of the place is that it is famous for its cooking—particularly oyster loaves and stuffed crabs. Many he-men who are thinking more about the income tax than they are of pleasure, go there regularly for these toothsome dainties. And those who homewards went after making a night of it find the "peacemakers," ready to hand, a great convenience.

Still, the apparent innocence of the place is no excuse for a family from Oshkosh using one of the bath-houses for bathing purposes at midnight. At midnight, mind, and swimming in Lake Pontchartrain diluted by the sewer! And only two bath-houses in the place!

LITTLE Woods is further down the lake, oh, a day's journey by Biblical standards, but shorter by motor. The trip is through such a deserted countryside that it passes pleasantly enough, if the party in the car is a live one, and it is usually that. Little Woods is higher class because of the additional gasoline mileage. The pikers can't afford it. The fishing there is fine, and so is the blackberrying—but even Pharoah's mummy would know better than to indulge in such doings at midnight, so Nature is saved from too serious inroads by the cabaret.

Between New Orleans, and Bucktown and New Orleans and Little Woods, the road is piled with occasional blocks of light that mark a friendly roadhouse, where Plenty's horn (the jazz trombone) pours out nocturne adventures, and the dreadful wound in the hip pocket can find an instant cure.

And leading from the main pikes, at decent intervals, are discreet little roads down which one sees automobiles parked, if one is so gauche as to flash his spotlight that way, whence issues an occasional tinkle of feminine laughter, followed by the darkened tone of a masculine voice. One is to infer that they are trying to see who can kill the most mosquitoes.

And in the sky, meanwhile, the opal glow of the Hibernia seems to flash,

"I am here to draw attention from you, my children. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow, there is no telling what new Anti will blackjack you!"

Or perhaps the green fields beckon, the rolling meadow lands, the grassy expanse of moss-covered oaks and trailing oleanders. That means a visit to the parks—City Park, below Canal Street, in the old city, which is somewhat smaller than the Kingdom of Monaco, or Audubon Park in the swank residential section uptown, about twice the size. In the daytime, they are the picnic grounds of Sunday-school children and the exercising rings of stodgy matrons and trim nursemaids whose sweeties haven't knocked off work yet; but at night, they are the trysting places of lovers, and only a novice will proceed without lifting his voice high in warning.

Not long ago the park commission held a solemn meeting on the question of cutting Dan Cupid and Co. out of business. A few of his enemies were very bitter, and wanted to slip a spider into his coffee, put poison ivy in the cosy nests, and install a searchlight patrol squad. One gravely explained that he wanted to save the seekers of tandem solitude from possible footpads! Good Lack! Half the newspaper readers had to look the work up in the dictionary. And there the matter died—Dan Cupid's friends were too strong!

Or perhaps the wild waves call. That means a trip on the steamer Capitol, the floating dance palace that reminds one of the old steamboat days on the Mississippi, with the trifling exception that there never was such a lilt to the music of our grandfathers, and the pilot house is built out of reach of the sound vibrations so the steersman can keep the boat in the river, which is only about three-quarters of a mile wide in the New Orleans harbor.

These dances don't begin until 9 o'clock, and they end at midnight, which makes it convenient for the other attractions, already described.

And over the city floats the opal light of the Hibernia, signalling to the oaks and the crescent of arc lamps on the river front,

"Think—think—think of the poor grinds who are burning the midnight juice—and what they are missing!"

BUT if one wants to get a taste of night life that is really different, one must learn the password to the Vieux Carre. For tolerance, in Frenchtown, is a religion. It centers about Jackson Square, does the Vieux Carre—Jackson Square, the heart of New Orleans, with the Cathedral, the Cabildo and the Presbytere at one end, the steamship wharf at the other, the red brick Pontalba Buildings on each side, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans gracefully astride a rearing bronze horse among the palm trees in the center, and the Alley of the Wicked Priest jut across the street.

Here is found the art colony of the Nation's Second Port, and here too, is found an occasional artist.

Since Dame Fashion "took up" the Vieux Carre, the place has lost some of its atmosphere. Modern plumbing is a terrible wrecker of romance. But at least it has made the Bohemian life interesting and novel and spicy.

In the Pontalba buildings, like caves hewn into the cliffs of Dover turned lip-stick red, there are studios of artists who have no visible means of support, and of society folk who seek this refuge from formalism. Some of the best spaghetti restaurants in the city are just around the corner; and the French Market, sadly transformed by fly-screening and sanitation, invites one to meditations upon the transitoriness of things mundane. As art is long and magazine editors are short (and curt), while picture-buyers are bereft of even an elemental understanding, the most profitable pursuit is obviously the enjoyment of life. And since the Little Theatre crowd built its $65,000 playhouse across from the Cabildo, and the elite go there at all times of the day and night, this section has become as respectable—in all outward and visible signs, which are the essence of respectability—as a mid-Victorian novel, and there is a grave possibility that the historical society's exhibits in the Cabildo will develop a local as well as a tourist interest.

There is not a night during the winter season, and only an occasional night during the rest of the year when the music, the laughter and the dancing don't tell of a party under way in some studio, whose ruddy windows seem to blush with happiness. Go inside, and you are sure to see some of the leaders of the social world lost in a cheerie-camaraderie with poets who never become so wearisome as to recite their own verses, novelists who haven't advanced far enough to inflict extracts from the latest masterpiece upon the company, and painters who have almost recovered from the shock of losing the poster contest of the American Legion to a mere newspaper cartoonist!

And it's always good weather, for only the good fellows get together—so natural, for once, that they don't think it a hardship to sit upon the floor when the chairs run out, or recline upon the leopard skins, and the cigarette cases are open upon the piano that all who jazz may smoke.

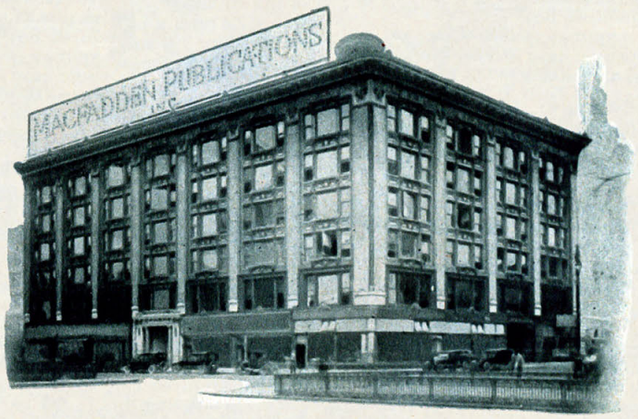
And at midnight, when the claret punch runs out, it is the custom to play tag in Jackson Square, where the "Keep off the Grass" warnings are no longer operative, the while a good-natured cop, stationed there as bodyguard to Andy Jackson and to see that nobody else tries to bombard Algiers, across the river, with one of the old Civil War cannon in front of the Presbytere, as some fiend in human form did last year, acts as unofficial referee. Then a stroll along the shade-streak of the wharf-apron, with speculations on the romance of the steel ships that look as unromantic as a bandsaw in the garish light of day—and the world before you lies, the world of:

"Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

And floating in the sky is the opal glow of the Hibernia, a fixed star that seems to say,

"Have no care, for I am always here to light you homeward, and the world is ever kind to those who are discreet."

The New Home of Macfadden Publications



The six-story building at 1926 Broadway, which has been taken over by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will be occupied by them as soon as possible after November 1st

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DUE to the steady and rapid growth of the six periodicals constituting the Macfadden Publications, Inc., together with the highly satisfactory increase in our book publishing business, it has become necessary for us to move to larger quarters.

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Confessions of a Sleep Walker

An Unusual, But Strictly True, Yarn

Did you ever dream that, attired in a becoming dignity and "clothed in modesty"—and little else—you were walking down Main Street or Broadway in broad daylight, to the silent surprise of your crowding townfolk? That's a common dream, and most everybody has it at some time or other. On more than one occasion the writer has been on the verge of making it come true—all but the daylight part. Read—and shudder—for you never can tell when you will walk in your sleep yourself; and when you do you may not be able to carry it off with the simple innocence that the writer claims is necessary in that kind of a situation

EVER since early childhood I have been a a sleepwalker. My parents thought I would outgrow this peculiar tendency, but so far, and I'm twenty-eight now, I haven't outgrown it and I don't know as I ever will—or want to.

I'm often asked if I envy the fellow who can lay his head on the pillow at night and find it the next morning just where he laid it the night before.

No, I don't envy him at all. And presently you shall learn the reason why.

For I love adventure, and in my normal, waking hours I am as free from adventure, or the suggestion of it, as a monk in a high-walled monastary. The doctors have told me that my sleep-walking can be accounted for by the fact that my daily life is so monotonous that, the spirit of adventure being in me, it is bound to creep out at night—and that's as good as any explanation that can be made, I guess.

My home is in the suburbs, within a few miles of the great city, and I am often discovered, at the dead of night, wandering about the streets clad only in my pajamas. In fact, this idiocyncracy of mine is so well known in our neighborhood that the officer on our beat keeps a weather eye out for me. More than once he has caught me wandering around in my pajamas, and on waking me, we have proceeded toward our residence and stood at the front door chatting until the desire for sleep again overcame me.

That is quite the usual thing, however.

Occasionally the unusual happens, as for instance, when I boarded a trolley-car, in the wee morning hours, clad in those self-same pajamas. They tell me that it took two old maids and a young married couple just twenty seconds to vacate the car. The conductor shook me vigorously and on my waking, would have taken me to the station house had not my friend, the cop, promised to take care of me. That cost me a five dollar bill.

My family is ever fearful that I will create some midnight disturbance that will bring discredit on us all. I did once, though they never heard of it.

The occasion was my sister's wedding. The house was full of guests, none of whom had the least inkling of my peculiarity.

In the next room to mine, which is our largest guest room, slept a man and his wife, friends of my sister's, whom I had never before met until the day of the nuptials. They had come from a far distant point to attend, and being tired at the end of the day, they had retired early.

It must have been along toward midnight when I started to ramble and as luck would have it, I walked right into their room. It seems that I had some foolish idea on my mind about occupying the guest chamber because I couldn't get the window to my own room open, and though I thought the bed somewhat smaller than my own, I let nothing stand in the way of lying down and composing myself for a good night's sleep.

Occasionally the unusual happens . .

Posed by Monty Bank.

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It must have been an hour later when I actually did awaken, and putting forth my hand, it came in contact with the lady's nose.

A quick glance showed me that I was one of three occupants of the bed, the other two sleeping soundly.

At that moment the lady stirred in her sleep and muttered, or rather lovingly dwelt on, the name "Jack" which was not my name, and since no one was paging *me*, I quietly slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the door. I would have made it all right too except that the door knob was loose and fell clattering to the floor. The last thing I heard was a shrill cry of "burglars" on the midnight air—but by the time the family was aroused, I was in my own room. Doors began to open, excited voices were heard and confusion reigned. I stalked out into the hall, demanding to know why an honest, hard-working man should be roused from the first, sweet sleep of night—but the look my mother and sister gave me fully convinced me that they knew who the burglar was.

Even so, I can't help wondering about that fellow Jack when the name of the lady's husband was William—or "Bill" for short—which never could be mistaken for "Jack" in the wide, wide world.

THEY say it isn't wise to wake a sleep-walker too suddenly, especially if he happens to be perched on a window sill or astride a gable roof. I may have had many narrow escapes like that, unwittingly, but I can remember only one.

In that instance I walked out into the back-yard and climbed a tree—a feat I would be absolutely incapable of accomplishing in my lucid, waking moments. I must have been up in the tree an hour or more, and awakened by myself in the utmost bewilderment to find myself so far from the ground. I never before realized how high that old pine tree was until I looked down from its topmost branch.

At a hotel in Syracuse, one night, I traveled through the corridor, unseen by a floor clerk apparently, and entered a strange room under the impression, I suppose, that I was going into my own room. But, strangely enough, my one dreaming thought was to shave myself.

Asleep, he walked into a strange room and lay down to sleep in a strange bed. As he rolled over, he touched a woman's nose. Then—well, read it. You'll be amused, at the very least

I went into the bath-room, pawed about for my safety razor, and not finding it, called out sharply, through the open door, "Who the devil has been fooling with my shaving things!"

A cry of alarm answered my inquiry, and awakening, I discovered that I was in the room of a perfect stranger—a lady—who was sitting up in bed eyeing me rather belligerently. I explained as best I could, and when about to depart, turned back in answer to a summons from her.

"I don't believe you, of course," she said, drawing the blankets over her chin, "but if you are a sleep-walker you can do me a great favor."

"Certainly," I replied as gallantly as a man can who is far from dressed for a social occasion. "But first, please, wait until I get dressed."

"You'll do as you are," she replied. "It is now three o'clock. My husband has left me to go to a stag party with some ribald friends of his. He'll due here any moment. I want you to—I told him if he left me tonight in this strange hotel, in this strange city, I knew something dreadful would happen to me. It has. I want you, please, to——"

Well, whatever it was she wanted me to do I never knew as, at that moment, her husband entered, much, much the worse for liquor.

I was about to faint, when he lurched toward me and putting out his hand, he said, "Shake, ol' pal. Didn't 'spect t'find no friends here, this late, bu' have a drink." He drew a flask out of his pocket and offered me a swig which I declined and hurrying past him I sought my own room.

IT doesn't do me any good to lock my door. I know where I put the key before I went to bed, and in my sleep-walking moments I go right to where it is, unlock the door and go wherever my dreaming fancy sends me.

You may not believe it, but fast asleep one night I drove my car three miles before anything happened—and then something surely did happen. I pulled up in front of a handsome residence, and in a daze I rang the door-bell. I rang it and rang it and when the master of the house finally came to the door, I asked him, quite politely, whether he knew that there were burglars in the house. He sensed my condition and thinking to have some sport with me, as he told me afterward, he took me inside and, placing a rapier in my hand, he whispered in my ear telling me that I was D'Artagnan—one of the three musketeers—a piece of foolishness for which he was sorry. I chased him all through the house at the point of the weapon and would never have given up the pursuit had I not stumbled over the edge of a rug and been awakened by the fall. My panting host confronted me angrily, but laughed when he put out his hand and led me back to my car. That happened at about two thirty in the morning.

My mind, like the mind of most single young men I imagine, is frequently on the fair sex. When I hit the hay, they predominate my sleeping moments too, I imagine, or else how account for the fact that my feet lead me, almost unerringly, to a representative of their sex when I don't know what I'm doing?

(*Continued on Page 22*)

More than once he has caught me wandering around in my pajamas

Posed by Earl Rodney

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Should a Wife's first Husband Chaperone her Second Marriage?

by P. L. Atkinson

A Review of the Broadway, success, "Banco," in MIDNIGHT'S inimitable style

Above are Charlotte Grenville and Francis Byrne in a characteristic scene from the play

Above and to the left are Alfred Lunt and Lola Fisher, thoroughly enjoying themselves, whether they look it or not

"THE fish will require five minutes, madame," said the waiter to the Count and Countess de Lussac.

"Very well, Pierre," the Countess replied, gazing lovingly at her husband, the Count, across the luncheon table at the Casino at La Baule.

"Five minutes," the Count mused, "May I ask you, my love, to excuse me for a few moments while I drop into the card room and watch a particularly engaging game of baccarat that is, at this moment, in progress. I shall return when the fish is ready."

"Not at all, Alexandre," the young wife replied.

So the Count left the table.

EIGHTY-THREE hours later when the curtain rises on "Banco," Clare Kummer's clever farce now playing at the Ritz Theatre, we find the Countess still awaiting her husband, the Count, who is popularly known as "Banco," it being the morning of the second day of her vigil in the waiting-room of the Casino.

Throughout all Paris word has gone forth that the Count de Lussac has broken the record for continuous play at baccarat. *The Matin* features him on the first page; the attendants at the Casino are in a fearfully joyous state of excitement.

"Think of it," says Louis, the page at the Casino, to Charlotte, the Countess. "Eighty-three hours of play. And still at it. . . . I have made a wager on you, too, madame," the page adds.

"On me?" the Countess says wonderingly.

"Surely. Many other wagers have been made. You are the favorite, madame. Everyone thoroughly believes that you will not leave the Casino without Banco. You have said, 'I shall stay here as long as Alexandre continues to play.' And Alexandre has said, 'I shall play as long as my wife remains here.' I trust madame is comfortable."

"Comfortable," the enraged wife replies. "I have slept in a chair for two nights. I am the wife of a—a—Oh, it is too much!"

Yes, Charlotte is disturbed. Eighty-three hours of waiting have given her time to think of many things—the chief of which is that she is sorry she married the Count. Every married woman who has waited up for her husband, and what married woman has not, will sympathize with Charlotte. They will know what she has been thinking.

Enter now the Baron Henri Delignieres.

He engages in conversation with Charlotte. It is immediately apparent that Henri would size up, in the United States, as the average business man. We haven't seen the Count as yet, but we feel that Henri is everything that the Count is not. Henri is a good, safe, solid, substantial citizen. He never gambles—though he has placed a timorous bet on Charlotte—he never stays out nights; he has plenty of money, a country estate, an old name, a doting mother, and he has never married. Henri is a perfect catch for any girl—and Charlotte is, at this stage of the proceedings, quite willing to listen to any decent proposal that will free her from the baccarat playing Count in the card room, whom she has not seen for more than two days. She looks with favor on Henri's suit.

(*Continued on Page 18*)

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Who has the Pretties

It would be very easy to make a pun on this v
ourselves firmly. There is no necessity for sp
contemplation of the profiles on this page:
for themselves. You might say that the pag
nesses. Certain of the noses presented herew
they are declared to be the most beautiful—
our French is correct.) Comparisons are alwa
er—we mean, knows—(there, we knew we'd
got off this page!) but we beg leave to submit t
certain American noses. We mal

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st Nose in America ?

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commit a pun before we
o your expert consideration
ke no comment

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Should a Wife's First Husband Chaperone Her Second Marriage?

(*Continued from Page 15*)

In the meantime it appears that the Countess has complained to the police department that a large diamond belonging to her has been stolen, and the commissary of police arrives to tell her that her husband, the Count, has himself taken the diamond and the name of the shop where he pawned it is known to the *gendarmerie*.

"Good," says Charlotte with satisfaction. "My husband is inside the Casino playing baccarat. Arrest him."

"But, madame," the commissary of police bows low, "the law does not permit a wife to arrest her husband on such a charge."

"I told you an untruth," Charlotte confesses, "I am not the Count's wife. I am his mistress."

"That is different," the commissary of police bows even lower than before. (In the United States this declaration would likely have caused the lady's own arrest.) "In that event I shall do my duty. Please to fill out the bill of complaint," and he hands Charlotte a paper which she and Henri, retiring to an inner room, fill out while the commissary calls the Count from the card room.

The Count, it appears, is a most engaging young man. While surprised at his arrest, he is not disconcerted and he wonders which of his mistresses could have brought a charge against him.

The Countess now appears, alone, with the bill of complaint, insists that she is not married to the Count and wants him put under lock and key at once.

The Count, however, convinces the commissary of police that he is married to Charlotte by the simple expedient of dropping a few bank notes in that gentleman's hat—and the incident is closed. Banco returns to his baccarat.

It was at this point that the bed was brought in.

We had seen curtains rise on beds—both twin, single and double—we had seen frenzied folk climb into them, under them and over them. We thought we knew every nook and angle of the bedroom farce business, but this was the first time we ever saw a bed brought on the stage in full view of the audience.

It seems that Henri, out of his goodness of heart, had bought the bed for Charlotte—a degree of thoughtfulness that only a man of Henri's type could have achieved. No man with imagination would have bought a single bed, in the first place; and in the second place he would not have had it set up in the waiting-room of a gambling palace.

Henri and Charlotte sit on the bed discussing Charlotte's future. Henri paints a picture of himself that any but a woman disgusted with a profligate husband would have seen through at once. But a reaction has set in with Charlotte. What she now craves is a husband who will love, honor and obey her; who will give her the little attentions she craves; who will offer her, in other words, a home. And Henri does all that. He never rises to a point of eloquence, but he is the kind of man that women set up as "ideal"—live with a few years and then, if the circumstances permit, desert for a fellow of Banco's type.

So Henri and Charlotte quietly leave the Casino together for Henri's country place at Touraine, where Henri's mother will prepare Charlotte for a union with the house of Delignieres.

Have you any suggestions to make? The Editors of MIDNIGHT are always glad to hear from you

A YEAR later.

It is Henri's and Charlotte's wedding day. In fact they have just been married—a divorce from de Lussac having been secured.

You couldn't imagine a more proper, or a duller, household to save your life.

It doesn't seem like a wedding day at all. It might be a baking day, or a Tag Day for the Czecho-Slav Relief Fund or the last day of Physical Culture Week—or almost any other but a wedding day. It has all been so matter-of-fact—like Henri himself.

But, when we learn that two gentlemen have run a motor-car into a near-by pond, and that they are now on their way to the Chateau for accommodation and relief, we know that something is about to occur. We suspect that one of the gentlemen is Count Alexandre de Lussac—and we are right.

With characteristic stupidity, Henri fails to note the agitation with which Charlotte receives the mysterious stranger, and, like his mother, he is quite smitten with the Count's charm.

When de Lussac and Charlotte are left alone the Count grasps her roughly by the wrists and says, "You are mine. I shall never give you up!"

"You came here purposely!" she cries.

"Certainly," the Count returns impudently. "Do you suppose I would have run Georges' motor-car into a pond by accident? I have come to rescue you."

"But I am Henri's wife," she avers. "We are already married. I am happily free from you. Go and leave me in peace."

"With a stranger?" Banco cries. "I shall not go. I shall accept the Baron's invitation to remain all night! I shall look after you to see that he doesn't lay a hand on you!"

Imagine, if you can, a former husband overseeing a divorced wife on the night of her second marriage!

During the evening, the Baron finds Alexandre vastly entertaining. He confides to him the story of his wife's unfortunate marriage with the Count—the eighty-three hours at the Casino—the Count's unsavory reputation as a roué. To all of which Alexandre heartily assents.

Thus passes a more or less pleasant evening, with the Count the lion of the occasion, and the Baron playing second fiddle if we may be permitted a mixed metaphor. In our private opinion the Baron didn't even deserve a place in the orchestra.

If, as a famous philosopher once said, the real problem of mankind is an endeavor to escape being bored to death, then the Baron certainly deserved to be taken out and stood against a wall and shot for high treason.

(At this point every married woman, with the exception of the wife of the writer, looked askance at her husband. It's surprising how many plays are being produced nowadays which no happily married woman or no married man should be permitted to witness. The writer is of the opinion that the revolt of the flapper is largely brought about because she has nothing to see, nothing to read, no where to go but out. Married couples have the center of the stage.)

We are now vouchsafed a glimpse of Charlotte's bedroom, and of course she is in negligee. She is awaiting the entrance of her new lord and master—and he arrives. What he says, as they sit together on the chaise lounge is not of consequence. Nothing the Baron ever says or does is of consequence. The absence of the Count is felt brilliantly. At last the Baron leaves, and we are given to understand that he will reappear later in pajamas and dressing gown.

As he departs, he playfully shakes his finger at his bride and murmurs something about how beautiful she looks sitting there waiting for him to return. The ass!

When the Baron leaves, Charlotte heaves a sigh of relief, and walking toward the big, curtained, double windows she draws a silken cord, the curtains part and disclose—Banco!

Here then is the situation:

It is the Countess's wedding night. Her bridegroom will return within two minutes. Her former husband is in the room, determined to remain there and protect her against her present husband. Was ever bride confronted with a problem less capable of solution without bloodshed? The answer is "no."

The Baron returns just as Banco glides back to his hiding place, interrupted in the midst of a fervent peroration.

Charlotte tries every known method of getting the Baron out of the room, but nothing avails. At last there is a cry of fire borne on the midnight breeze, and the Baron rushes out to protect his life and property. Banco tranquilly emerges from behind the curtains and blandly informs Charlotte that he is the incendiary, promising that the fire will require an all night vigil on the part of the Baron.

A Broadway success is reviewed every week in MIDNIGHT

After much clever banter, Charlotte engages Banco in a game of cards and they play until morning, passage of time meaning nothing in that young man's life when he sits down at the card-table.

Indeed, they are still playing when a knock is heard at the door. Charlotte flees to an inner room, while Banco opens the door and receives the Baron and the Baron's mother. To say that they are astonished is putting the case mildly.

But, at last, Banco comes out with the truth and snatches Charlotte from the calm, comfortable clasp of the Baron.

"But," says Charlotte, in Banco's arms," we cannot get a divorce for a year."

"Good!" Banco exclaims. "In the meantime you will be the worst woman in Paris."

Well, we were glad the play came out that way after all.

It is high time women revolted against being bored to death—though, even now, as evidenced by Charlotte, they still cling to the idea that a safe and monotonous marriage with a Henri offers a degree of safety preferable to a union with a fun-loving, irresponsible Banco.

And maybe they are wrong!

The Ex-Kaiser's Marriage

(*Continued from Page 8*)

Is the marriage one of revenge? The thing has happened before, though marrying for revenge is much like cutting one's nose off to spite one's face.

The Princess of a house (Reuss) which was a mere insect state, as Mark Twain used to say, must have been involved in more than one distasteful episode with the ruling power of a Prussian state—and Herminie may, at one time or another, have made up her mind to get even in her own way. This may be the way.

The background of this marriage, then is far from happy. Nor does it help matters any to relate that there is insanity in both families.

THE ex-Kaiser is a prudent spender. In the vernacular, he has the first nickel he ever earned. While he keeps his children in money, he is very frugal himself, and no doubt he gives them only what they require for necessities.

Herminie, on the other hand, has never been tested as a spender. Life at her own one-horse court was most austere, as there was very little money in sight for luxuries. Entertainments in her home took on the color and fling of a strawberry-festival or an ice cream sociable.

With the vast wealth of the Hohenzollerns to draw on—maybe!—she may develop hitherto dormant powers for making the dollars spin. If she does, you can count on a ripe family argument on that score.

And all through her married life she will be subject to the pitch and toss of politics. Her home will be invaded by plotters. Day and night she will be surrounded by a furtive coterie interested in restoring Wilhelm's lost honors—and the ex-Kaiser himself is not exactly an enemy to the idea. It is said that he is being continually torn between fear and ambition—fear that the Allies may still make some dire move against his life and person; ambition that

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"Nothin' to It!"

by Margaret McIvor-Tyndall

The Story of a Woman Who Built Her House Upon the Social Sands

CLOSING the door quietly behind her, Elizabeth Conley, head saleswoman of the Corset Department of Roseburg, Weil and Company's Big Store, took down the telephone receiver and called a number.

To her dying day Elizabeth will believe in luck. Also will she believe in ill-luck as well. For as she waited confidently for the masculine voice that should have responded to Randolph 49688, a woman's dulcet tones came to her from out what seemed like a fourth dimension of space inside the receiver.

The voice was that of the woman who was married to the man whose private office number Elizabeth had just called.

He was also the man whom she herself hoped to marry when he had disentangled himself from the matrimonial maze into which he had wandered five years before he met Elizabeth.

For seven years they had waited for some reasonable excuse to "put it up to The Madame about a divorce" as Rodney expressed it. But up to that moment there had been no evidence that would warrant an open rupture.

"A man can't turn a woman out of his house without some cause," was Rodney's favorite comment. Elizabeth knew it by heart.

When Elizabeth first met Rodney, whose last name was Burnham, he was suffering from that marital malady—disillusionment. In his own words "The Madame and I don't seem to be getting anywhere."

Vague as was this description Elizabeth understood the situation. When she was a slip of a girl she had been an apprentice to a fashionable modiste and had become familiar with the deceptions and affectations of a certain type of society women. More than once she had delivered a belated gown to Mrs. Rodney Burnham, and had accurately "sized up" both Mrs. Burnham and the elegant apartment in which that woman was respectably installed.

Installed! That's the word, guarded by the watch-dog—Respectability! Elizabeth resolutely refused to admit to herself the impregnability of her rival's position. She "held the thought" that Mrs. Burnham would some day "give herself away"—and then——!

Still Time had fox-trotted into years and Mrs. Burnham had gone on her rose-strewn way serenely indifferent to the fact that she was usurping the place of another—that other being Elizabeth.

Mrs. Burnham had her private limousine upholstered in dove-grey duvetin, a big touring car and a Chow pup. She had bronze-red hair and unlimited credit and everything.

And she did not have children, for which blessing, Elizabeth was grateful. Elizabeth knew that if there were children the chances of de-installing "The Madame" would be as remote as world peace.

Mrs. Burnham apparently did not realize the advantage of children when one is married to a rich man who does not love one in a world full of women who would like to "scab" on one's job, so to speak.

However, Mrs. Burnham pinned her faith to the Episcopal marriage service as many a woman has done before her, and where the texture showed the pinholes she patched it up with innocent-appearing lies—a fine art which she had inherited from a long line of comfort-loving feline ancestors.

And so, thanks to Mrs. Burnham herself, the dreaded drop—an heir to the Burnham millions—had never been added to Elizabeth's cup. But even this blessing had become cold comfort after seven years of waiting—always being compelled to conceal the very thing she fain would flaunt—her intimacy with a multimillionaire.

"We are just as much married now as though we had gone before a minister and had a grandstand wedding," Rodney would say whenever she mentioned the disadvantages of her position. "I tell you what, Bess, you are my real wife, the help and comfort of my life," he would declare earnestly. His evident sincerity would silence her even without the usual, "Now don't spoil our evening by talking about things that can't be helped. I want to forget everything but you."

Once she had tried to implant in Rodney's mind a suspicion of his wife. She had pointed out the fact that society women who had no interests other than pleasure, were not to be trusted.

But Rodney had laughed with such imperturbable trust in his wife's innocent use of her time and money that Elizabeth ground her teeth in impotent rage at the stupidity of men in general and of Rodney in particular. The cleverest of men can be such fools where women are involved! Elizabeth being a wise woman desisted and contented herself with watchful waiting.

Nevertheless, she was certain that the woman who had usurped her own rightful place by having seen Rodney first and married him, was anything but a credit to the name of Burnham. She knew Mrs. Burnham was playing a double game and that her affectation of innocence and sensitive affection for Rodney was nothing more than the rope by which she tethered him. Elizabeth had once seen an elephant held fast to an insignificant stick by means of a frail piece of hemp—. Thereafter she had respected the tremendous power of an idea. Rodney was held fast by the idea that his wife was a perfectly harmless, absolutely innocuous, but quite uninteresting female, and that to seek to get rid of

"Now don't spoil our evening by talking about things that can't be helped. I want to forget everything but you."

Posed by Eileen Christie

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her by any system of espionage based upon distrust and suspicion was not only inexcusable cruelty to an innocent woman it was as futile as to try to pick holes in the moon.

And so Elizabeth had bided her time and waited—not patiently but because she had to.

Well, here it was at last. No such thing as luck? Huh!

Mrs. Burnham was saying into that telltale phone: "O, but Frank, I can't get away. Rod telephoned that he would be home to dinner. I said I was so glad."

A man's voice broke in impatiently: "Get out of it somehow Tess. I must see you tonight. We haven't been alone for two weeks and I'm all broke up over it." Be there at eight o'clock, do sweetheart." The man's voice was pleading and seductive.

"Tess" wavered. Finally she said, "I don't think I can manage it but I'll try. Will it be the same room?"

The man assured her that he would be waiting for her at the —— hotel in room 907. The voices were cut off and Elizabeth hung up the receiver with trembling fingers.

She felt like a person walking on air or a prospector who has struck "pay dirt"—Paying "dirt" it surely was to Elizabeth.

Presently, when she had calmed down a little she would call Rodney. She would arrange to have dinner with him and when dinner was almost over——!

Elizabeth pictured with what readiness the "woman who had married Rodney" would consent to a divorce with a moderate alimony. As to that she would counsel Rodney to be generous in the matter of settlement. She was not marrying Rodney for his millions—certainly not.

AFTER the lapse of an hour Elizabeth again called Randolph 49688. This time Rodney's voice responded. "May I change my mind about seeing you tonight and have dinner at the Italian place?" she asked sweetly. Rodney was delighted but also a bit worried as he had just promised The Madame he'd be home and didn't like to disappoint her. But he'd "frame up some excuse and be on hand."

During the remaining hours of the day Elizabeth's mind was actively engaged. She sold the furniture in the Burnham apartment. She had the limousine re-upholstered in maroon velveteen. They would be married quietly—probably in another city. She would wear a simple but elegant—very elegant—traveling gown. She hoped they could go abroad for a few months, but that would depend upon Rodney's business affairs.

She almost told Leahy, her assistant, that she was going to be married, but prudently refrained, knowing that Leahy would demand corroborative details as to whom and when and where. She had often thought that Leahy had the makings of a successful cross-examining lawyer.

* * * * *

A half hour before closing time Elizabeth began refreshing her toilet. Rodney always exclaimed at her beautiful freshness when she had no opportunity to "doll up," coming as she did right from her work. Elizabeth did not enlighten him.

Sometimes she felt an uneasy sense of admiration for the woman who had married Rodney, and kept him in unsophisticated ignorance that a woman's complexion could be other than nature had made it; that hair could be "touched up"; that a figure might owe its lines to a corset.

After a few minutes waiting at the cafe, Rodney's cheery greeting fell on her ears. He was chuckling over his cleverness in getting away from home.

"Say," he exulted as he seated himself, "The Madame wouldn't listen to it at first but I told her it meant a lot to me to stay down tonight and talk matters over with the Board, so she gave in and said she's spending the evening with Mrs. Noller—they are great chums you know."

He was as pleased as a schoolboy who has turned some clever trick. He covered Elizabeth's soft hand with his and bent over her. "And it does mean a lot to me to be with you, Girl, you know it does."

Again he returned, chuckling, to the subject of The Madame. "You have to hand it to her, Bess, for the good-natured way she takes my excuses. She has a lot of good points. She is no nagger like a lot of women are. You have to hand it to her. Don't you say so, Bess?"

Elizabeth started to answer, but seeing that Rodney was ordering dinner and had brought a special vintage of wine, she decided to wait.

Rodney was in the best of spirits. His easy victory with The Madame had elated him and put him in a good humor with the woman who bore his name and spent his millions.

Elizabeth noted this with increasing uneasiness as the dinner progressed. She did not find it so easy to tell her story. Twice during the soup Rodney had absent mindedly muttered to himself with what savored strongly of admiration, "You certainly have to hand it to her by Jove," and Elizabeth had to struggle to conceal a sneer. But she knew that you can't feed a man sneers with his soup and expect to make them palatable. She must wait until the last course and his cigar—and yes, maybe another bottle of wine might help.

Elizabeth was abstemious. She admired Volstead. Certain childhood memories of her bibulous father had prejudiced her against liquor. But tonight she emptied her glass several times. Rodney remarked upon it. He seemed surprised and pleased that she "had a thirst on" as he said in his stangy way.

But despite the courage that the wine gave her, Elizabeth hesitated. Rodney himself gave her the opening. "Say, Bess," he began, "if you want to get away next week, you can come with me to New Orleans. I offered to take The Madame but she had a lot of social affairs lined up and doesn't want to go."

He spoke as one who had done all that was required of him and so had a clear conscience, but his remark was the last straw to Elizabeth's sorely tried patience. Couldn't he keep that woman out of the conversation for one minute? And he had asked her first to go with him! She was always being reminded that The Madame came first!

"No, I don't think she does want to go. She can't leave her sweetheart," snapped Elizabeth, her face burning with suppressed anger and the unaccustomed wine.

Who owns a man? The woman who married him or the woman he loves? Search the words of this story for the answer

Rodney's startled look almost frightened her. But she had started something and she had to finish it. And finish it she did, excitedly, feverishly but truthfully.

Rodney sat perfectly quiet, chewing the end of his cigar. His eyes were riveted on her face. Once he had glanced from her to her empty wine-glass as if to calculate how much it had taken to put her in this insane state. But Elizabeth triumphantly mentioned the place and the number of the room where, she was perfectly confident, the couple could be found at that moment.

Rodney did not answer her. His face, which at first had reflected a puzzled surprise, had settled into an expression of—yes, it was, Elizabeth admitted to herself—incredulity.

"You can easily prove or disprove it," she finally reminded him. "Send a private detective or go there yourself."

Rodney knocked the ashes from his cigar. "There's nothin' to it," he declared doggedly. "Do you think I don't know my own wife?"

He said it as one would say "Do you mean to call me a damn fool?"

Plainly, his vanity was hurt that anyone should think that he, Rodney Burnham, one of the cleverest manipulators of stocks in the Loop, could be hoodwinked by a woman whom he had always considered stupid.

"But I heard the conversation and I know Mrs. Burnham's voice and the man called her "Tess" and she said that 'Rod' was coming home to dinner and the man's name was Frank—and anyway, you can find out for yourself."

Rodney was taking the news of his release from further obligation to Mrs. Burnham in a way that Elizabeth had never dreamed possible. "Nothin' to it. Nothin' to it," he kept repeating. "Why, that nut—Frank Colegrove! Why, he is nothing but a dancing monkey. He hasn't got a dollar—not a dollar." He laughed scornfully, "nothin to it," he said again.

Elizabeth was too hurt to speak.

"O, no, my wife isn't that kind of a woman at all—not a-tall. My wife is devoted to me you know. Nothin' to it."

"Do you mean, Rodney, that you think I am making up a story—deliberately slandering Mrs. Burnham?" Elizabeth was icily quiet.

"Why, no Bess, I don't mean that of course. But my wife isn't that kind of a woman at all—nothin' to it you know," he reiterated with exasperating insistence.

The tone in which he said "my wife" spoke volumes. Elizabeth was wise enough to perceive that she had staked her all on a game of chance—and lost.

She crushed down the mad desire to choke Rodney until he could no longer reiterate those maddeningly stupid words, "nothin' to it," forcing himself to believe what no sane man could believe. She realized that he was perfectly aware that she had spoken the truth. She was equally conscious that he would never admit it—not even to himself.

"Well, it is a strange coincidence if there are other persons in the city with those names," she said finally, "but as you say you must know your own wife."

She arose from the table and Rodney helped her on with her wrap, patting her shoulder caressingly. "Sure I know my wife," he said confidently. "Sure. There isn't much to her as far as brains go, but she isn't that kind of a woman—nothin' to it!"

The end of the following week Elizabeth received a postcard from Rodney mailed from New Orleans, apprising her that he would be back in about five days.

Elizabeth wondered if the Madame had accompanied him and searched the newspapers for any possible item that might enlighten her. One morning the society columns contained a picture of Mrs. Rodney Nestor Burnham in a lovely evening gown and wearing a string of pearls "which," the article read, "had been sacrificed by a peeress of Europe." Mr. Burnham had secured the pearls for his wife and she was to wear them at a North Shore function that evening.

So that was the outcome of her story to Rodney—a priceless string of pearls! She knew as well what had transpired between Rodney and The Madame as though she had been a dictagraph recording the conversation. The pearls told the story. Tears of self-righteous indignation and outraged sensibilities! Elizabeth could have staged the domestic drama from Rodney's first encounter with his wife to the final scene which had ended in her complete vindication, clinched no doubt, by a telephone call to Mrs. Noller, to prove her alibi. "Nothin' to it a-tall," Elizabeth could hear him say triumphantly.

IN those two weeks of Rodney's absence Elizabeth did what Rodney would have characterized as "some tall thinking." Rodney loved her. Of that she was certain. And he did not love his wife. As a detached personality, Mrs. Burnham would have stood no chance against her as a candidate for the position of Rodney's wife. But Rodney had married her or she had married Rodney which is all the same in law if not in ethics, and by virtue of that ceremony Mrs. Burnham was invested with some occult power that rendered her immune, in the eyes of the man whose success was due to the fact that he never admitted defeat.

Mrs. Burnham owned a marriage licnese on which was engraved the name of Rodney Chester Burnham and that settled it. Nothing short of death could break that tie, irksome though it might be.

"Should she go on to the proverbial "end of the chapter?" Or should she break off now and seek consolation in respectable matrimony with some one safer if less desirable?"

How often Rodney had offered her costly presents! She recalled how he had many times said to her "Just let me know if there's anything you want—money or anything."

Elizabeth prided herself that she had never asked Rodney for money, and the few expensive gifts he had brought her on her various birthdays and holidays, she had demurred at accepting. She knew that Rodney liked her for it. He liked to have proof that her affection for him was devoid of mercenary motives. And besides, she was playing for higher stakes. But now——what a fool she had been!

Wednesday morning Elizabeth was called to the phone. Rodney's cheery voice greeted her. He had returned last night. Would she come to dinner with

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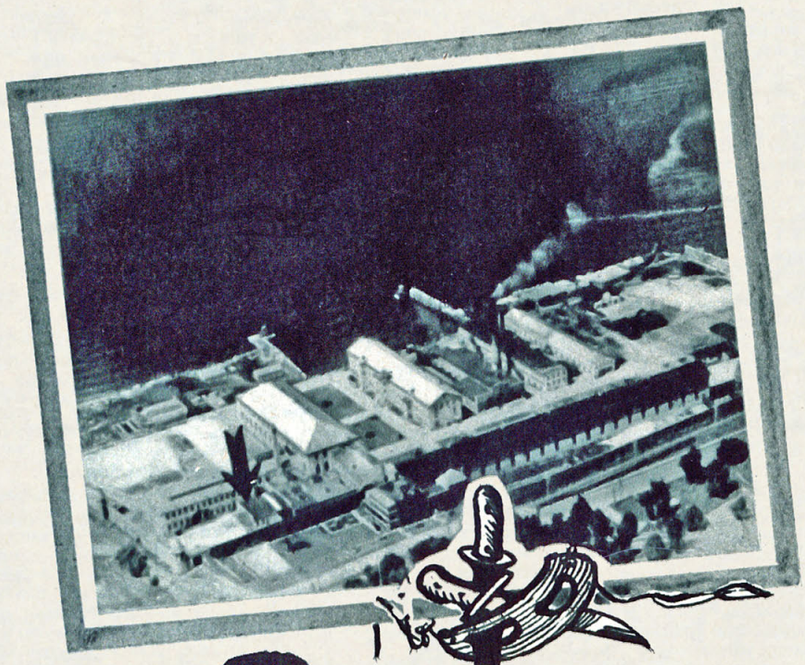
What I Beheld in The Law's Chamber of Horrors!

by John W. Grey



Comprehensive view of Sing Sing prison. The black arrow points to the death house

EDITOR'S NOTE

This article was originally a part of Mr. Grey's story, "Murder in the Name of the Law," which was printed in these pages a few weeks ago. It was omitted because we thought that the story as it stood was so grim and terrible that we hesitated to pile additional horrors upon it. However, in view of the facts as they stand, and for reasons which our readers will appreciate as they read Mr. Grey's account, we have thought fit to lay bare the account to the world

Luther Boddy, the Negro who was electrocuted at Sing Sing after being convicted of the murder of two New York detectives

SEVERAL hundred men and women, young and old, from most every walk in life who read my story about the electrocution of Luther Boddy and Herbert Smith in the September 30, issue of Midnight have told me that it was one of the most vivid and one of the most gruesome stories that they had ever read. I have received more letters and more personal commendations from that piece of work than I have received for all the stories that I have ever written.

But when I wrote that story, gruesome and tragic as it was, I was not thinking of commendations. Please believe me my dear friend. I was not thinking of remuneration of any sort. No, the writing of that story was actuated by bigger and finer motives than the plaudits of the crowd or the coin of the realm. I had seen two young men murdered in the name of the law and when I came out of my momentary paralysis of horror and stupefaction I was against capital punishment for the rest of my life, and I made up my mind that I was going to do everything within my power, limited as it is, to help stop it.

I knew that no magazine or no newspaper had ever had courage enough to tell the story of the murders that are committed behind the big grey walls of the prisons of this country. None of them had ever painted word pictures of the sightless souls that were dashed through the traps of the gallows or singed to death in the electric chair. The best that any of them have ever done was to say "John Brown was electrocuted last night at the State Prison at eleven o'clock."

The murder of Luther Boddy and Herbert Smith tore me to pieces, and to tell you the truth I haven't got over it yet and I don't expect to get over it for sometime to come. It is one of those experiences that we have once in a life time and it is indelibly engraved upon my mind. I wrote the story of their murder on my knees! My heart and my soul were in every word of it from beginning to end; I wrote it with all the fire and fervor of my being, hoping that it might do some good. Hoping that it might make people think knowing that thought is one of the revolutionary forces of life. I wrote it with a prayer on my lips, for I knew if I could only make the readers of MIDNIGHT think, that they would wake up to the fact that this so-called civilization today is committing crimes under the pretext of law and order and justice that would shock a cannibal of the jungles!

So to all these men and women, young and old, who spoke in glowing terms of my story "Murder in the Name of the Law," I put these questions:

"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Do you think capital punishment stops criminals from killing?"

"Do you think that Society has a right to kill criminals?"

And every single one of them replied, "No." Some of these people told me that they had been staunch advocates of the electric chair before they had read my story, before they had got a vivid mental picture of the inexpressible brutality of the thing. It occurred to me then that if the mere telling of the electrocution could proselyte men and women to the belief that the electric chair was all wrong up one side and down the other and a blot upon civilization, that I might create even more advocates for the abolition of capital punishment if I told the story of what happened later on that night in the death house away off in the corner of the yard of old Sing Sing.

The electrocution was kindergarten stuff compared to what took place in the autopsy room right back of the electric chair, and if you good people think that the electrocution story was vivid and gruesome and revolting, why take hold on your chairs and read this:

First of all try to picture a ghastly white room thirty feet wide and forty feet long. Three physicians in long, immaculately white coats moving about the room with scalpels in their hands. Off in one corner of the room stretched out on an operating table, stark naked, was Boddy, who but a few minutes ago was full of life.. Off in the other corner, under a glaring light was the white man Smith, whose face was distorted beyond any possibility of description in words and whose both legs were doubled up in knots as were also his toes and his fingers. One outstanding result of death by electrocution is that all muscles of the body suffer the most severe contortions; the muscles of the limbs, arms, fingers, toes, mouth, face and eyes, and this fellow Smith was the worst looking sight imaginable, too horrible to describe! There was an expression on his face that would make you believe that he had undergone the tortures of Hell! Anything that I say about the body of Smith also goes for the body of the young negro Boddy.

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THAT you may have some idea of just how much of the death-dealing current was plunged into and through the bodies of these two young men I will say that it was enough to light eight hundred lights such as you use in your home. Transferred into mechanical power it would be at the rate of eight hundred and eighty-four pounds per minute. You may get some idea of the scorching, blistering, burning heat of the two thousand volts and twelve amperes that went crashing through the bodies of these men when I tell you that the temperature of the electrodes at the points of contact on the bodies of Boddy and Smith was nineteen hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit or high enough to melt copper. Just think of that will you? Nineteen hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit! And then we talk of our advanced civilization! God forgive us, for we are more brutal and infinitely more fiendish that the wildest savage that ever rambled over the treeless plains in the early days of the "wild and woolly west!"

Well, let's go on with this drama of butchery! The doctors started in on the body of the white man Smith, they ripped him open from the bottom of his neck to the middle of the abdominal cavity. When they had done this they took a knife and cut all the flesh back from the ribs. Then one of the physicians picked up a massive sponge and stuck it into the abdominal cavity. The sponge absorbed all the blood which was squeezed out of the sponge into a bucket that reposed on the floor beside the operating table. I noted that the blood was almost inky black and I was subsequently informed that the terrific heat was responsible for this color. After all the jet black blood had been extracted from the cavity they took a pair of shears such as mechanics use and cut the ribs in half on the right side all the way up to the second rib from the top. They performed the same operation on the left side.

After this cutting of the ribs one of the physicians moved to the head of the table, grabbed the flap of ribs at the bottom and pulled it up over the head of the corpse. The ribs creaked and crunched during this process, creaked and crunched just like a piece of board when one tries to break it with the board under the feet and the end of it in one's hand. When this flap of ribs had been pulled over Smith's head his insides were exposed, his heart and lungs and intestines. They examined the lungs, the heart and all the rest of his organs and then applied an electric current to the biceps to see what sort of reaction the current would create. I observed that when this was done the hand of the right arm, which was hanging limply over the side of the operating table, jumped and twitched as though this human being through whose marrow the fangs of the electric chair had just bitten were still alive!

I never had any idea that human bodies were butchered in this manner. I thought possibly that the representatives of Society were satisfied after they had blasted the lives out of their law breakers. I thought that after the victims left the chair they went to their grave; but it seems that mutilation must take place before the sinners ultimately find rest in God's green soil!

When the physicians had finished playing with Smith's heart and lungs and kidneys they proceeded to tear his brain apart and play with it for awhile as they had just done with the rest of his interiors. One of them took a scalpel and cut the flesh in a perfect semi-circle from the bottom of the right ear to the bottom of the left ear. Clear around the base of the skull he cut carefully and artistically separating the scalp and the hair from the skull itself. When he had completed this operation he very tenderly and very carefully laid the flap of the scalp that he had just cut up and over the face of his corpse. If you will just stop here for a moment and try to visualize what one would look like with the back of one's scalp, hair and all completely over one's face you may get the impression of horror that I'm trying to convey to you. Try it and see if you can get the thing that I'm trying to paint!

The bare skull was now exposed and the doctor began to scrape it painstakingly, he scraped it and rubbed it until it looked like a piece of polished ivory, clean as a baby after the mother had given it a bath. From the floor he picked up a small motor into which had been inserted a small saw. He examined the motor and the saw very carefully before he turned on the current and then just before he did turn on the current he told one of the witnesses to stand to the one side.

"One side, please," he motioned his arm.

The witness to whom he addressed his remarks evidently didn't understand why he should move to the one side, didn't understand I presume because he didn't want to understand, because he thought he might miss something, but the doctor had a reason for telling him to move to the one side and the reason was perfectly evidenced when he applied the saw to the victim's skull.

Instantaneously a shower of bone dust from the skull shot up and out from under the saw to the ceiling as the motor hummed and roared and hissed. I knew then why the doctor told the witness to move to the one side. Another witness at the foot of the operating table was on the verge of fainting, his face was blanched to the hue of paper.

The saw continued to shoot up the clouds of bone dust as it plowed its way through the skull, shot up little clouds of dust not at all unlike the big saw in the mill. Within a few minutes the job was completed, the little saw had cut its way clear through to the brain and then the doctor very carefully took out the brains and examined them—but why go any further, I've said enough to give you a mental picture of the perfectly revolting autopsy, this autopsy that is performed "in the interest of science" when all science of a modern trend tell us that crime is pathological.

I WOULDN'T look at another electrocution for all the money in the world; no, I've seen enough to do me for the rest of my life and I want to tell you that this thing called Society is the biggest murderer in the world, infinitely more savage than any murderer that it has murdered in the elctric chair. If electrocution in the electric chair was a public spectacle it wouldn't last in this country or any other civilized country over thirty days. If every Judge who passes the death sentence had to throw on the switch that tears the life out of the victim there wouldn't be so many victims and I'm wondering what these men, who kill under the pretext of law and order and justice, are going to say when they go before the Almighty God!

What a fine, noble, human thing it is for the big State of New York to kill two wretched men, kill them solely for the purpose of getting even with them. If the chair stopped murder I would subscribe to it. I'm for anything that will make this world a better place to live in. I'm for anything that will make good men out of bad ones, but this idea of killing people is all wrong and the Society that preaches that murder is wrong cannot very well convince criminals that it is wrong as long as it murders itself. Let Society stop committing murder and then, possibly, we may be able to convince criminals that it is wrong to take human life.

Confessions of a Sleepwalker

(*Continued from Page 14*)

Three years ago I was engaged to be married to a very sweet girl from whom, of course, I kept my sleep-walking propensities. She was excessively fond of dancing, for which I do not care at all, so when I took her to a dance, I would sit about the whole evening, bored to death.

In the days when there was a friendly bar at which I might meet and drink with other male wall-flowers, I didn't mind the waiting so much, but now, with nothing to do but wander around aimlessly, dances have become a terrible bore to me.

One night, about three years ago, when prohibition was more rigorously enforced, I went to a dance with this girl—one of those formal, local, yacht club affairs—and at about midnight I put in a plea to go home on account of having a headache.

"Jane can bring you to our house with her," I told Eloise, "and you can stay all night with us." Jane was my sister.

Well, I went home, poured myself out a night-cap, and went to bed directly. I was soon sleeping soundly and must have slept a couple of hours before I got up, left my room, and ducked into the first door I came to which happened to be the guest chamber which contained Eloise.

She woke up, and seeing a man in her room, she bounded out of bed and ran into my sister's room.

"Jane, Jane," she cried out. "There's a man in my room."

Jane knew right well what "man" it was, but she didn't want to tell Eloise, so she said, "You must have been dreaming, dear. Stay with me the rest of the night."

Finally Eloise calmed down and slept with Jane, but I, without giving any thought whatever to the matter because I was fast asleep, laid down in the bed Eloise had vacated and slept there until morning.

In broad daylight Eloise wasn't afraid to venture back into the guest room, but when she saw the "man" still there, she fainted and her cry awakened me. I got up, sized up the situation, partially at any rate, and ran into the nearest bathroom for a glass of water. While I was gone, Jane rushed in to see what the trouble was, so that when I reappeared with the water, she waved me aside with a mean look and presently revived Eloise.

Explanations, of course, had then to be made—and that settled my engagement. Eloise refused to wed a sleep-walker. And who can blame her?

Various remedies have been proposed to me, but none of them has been successful. Indeed, as I said before, I'm not sure that I want to be cured. If I can't have adventures in my waking hours, having them in my sleeping hours is the next best thing.

There's danger in sleep-walking. At least so they tell me. But I never heard of a sleep-walker getting into any real, bad accident.

There must be, as some people believe, a divine providence that protects sleep-walkers against themselves.

However that may be—I am willing to take a chance.

The Ex-Kaiser's Marriage

(*Continued from Page 18*)

one day he will again rule with a mailed fist over his former subjects.

Herminie's home will be a modest one.

She may have visions of the great Potsdam Palace, erstwhile home of the ex-Kaiser, but she will be living at Doorn House, in Amerongen, Holland, a two-story, plain brick structure that would scarcely be considered a credit to a fairly exclusive suburban community in America. There's where the Kaiser must stay put as long as he lives unless his conquerors relent, or unless the insane plotting of the German monarchists should take the form of actually arranging for his escape into Germany.

It is reported that the ex-Emperor is about to undergo a surgical operation named after Prof. Eugen Steinach of Vienna who originated it. He is "just in the years that would insure its success," sixty-four.

While the details are lacking, it is said that the operation will have the effect of restoring the ex-Kaiser's failing powers—of rejuvenating him, adding to his mental bouyancy, threatened by his lonely life at Doorn.

Well, that may help some.

It will be the first time a Hohenzollern has ever admitted anything in the nature of a mental, moral or physical decline.

Wilhelm is a sick man in the bargain. His ear, always troublesome, is causing him more worry than ever of late. And, as the world knows, one of his arms is considerably shorter than the other, a physical defect that does not improve his state of mind with the years.

Indeed, Hermanie, with her youth and vigor, will be united to a grouchy, disillusioned, half-sick old man, thirty years her senior.

Family troubles are certain to arise, differences in temperament are sure to cause a breach between them sooner or later, and the ex-Kaiser's penurious nature will undoubtedly get on her nerves.

One may well ask, despite the "glory" attendant upon having one's name go down in history, whether it is worth while.

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The Heart of a Tinpanner

A Serial by W. Carey Wonderly

OLIVE ADAMS, a young poet, meets Christopher Leinster, a good-looking young man of the upper classes, and is rapidly falling in love with him. She herself is loved by Dick Thurston, a newspaperman, who warns her against Leinster—he tells her that men of that class don't marry women of hers, but she laughs at his warnings. She goes out a great deal with Leinster, and is just beginning to discover that she is little else to him than a plaything—a companion of his idle moments.

CHAPTER VI

The Problem of Clothes

WHEN the street door closed on Miss Sevening, re-echoing through the house, Olive rose and came slowly down to dinner, dinner in a Thirty-fourth Street boarding-house.

"Hello!" said Thurston, popping out of his door, and intercepting her. "Late, aren't you? The gong's sounded more 'n a minute ago!"

"I'm not very hungry," said Olive, forcing a smile.

"By jinks, you can't be—missing the first table! I've got Minnie fixed, however—bought her soul for a pair of seats for the Palace. She's never been to the Palace—Loew's was her speed, I guess."

"And now she'll never be satisfied with small-time vaudeville again!"

For a second Thurston looked at her blankly, blocking the way there on the stairs; but Olive refused to meet his glance, even when she was forced to come to a standstill.

"I never thought of that before—saw it in that light, you know," he confessed. "I believe I was only thinking about making myself solid for a generous helping, no matter what time I reached the dining-room. It's not always convenient to sit at the door, with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the gong to strike. You know that about hits the nail on the head, Miss Adams?—she'll never be satisfied with cheap entertainment again."

There was no time for reply, for which Olive was secretly thankful. They sat at different sides of the room, and Thurston was always hungry and always undivided in his attentions at table. He was late tonight, something that rarely happened, but at his entrance Minnie set down Mrs. De Courcey's "side dishes" with a bang, and went smilingly to serve her master. Then came nothing less than a severe jolt. Thurston leaned forward and spoke to the smiling Minnie, and the smile somewhat disappeared though she did his bidding just the same and hurried over to Olive.

"You're next, Miss Adams," said the maid, and rattled off the evening's menu for her selection.

Throughout dinner Olive caught herself more than once glancing across the room to Dick Thurston, at the foot of his table. Comparisons are odious, they tell us, but she saw that he was about Leinster's build, softer, perhaps, since he lacked the other's athletic training, good featured, with humorous eyes and a head of wiry red hair which, though cropped short, framed his head like a halo. Not that he was saint-like—especially at dinner. Olive thought she had never seen even Gina devote herself more wholly to her food. And through it all his eyes twinkled pleasantly, and watching she decided that he missed little of what was going on around him in spite of his absorption.

Afterwards, she found herself lingering in the lower hall, wondering vaguely what she should do with herself, since she was without engagement for the evening. It was just possible that Leinster would telephone, but she was done with Leinster, that is, with the rôle of tinpanner in which he seemed determined to place her. "If he calls, I shall have Minnie tell him I'm not at home," Olive said to herself.

But Leinster didn't phone, and presently, when she was tired of eavesdropping at the parlor door, where a quartet of fellow-boarders made merry, Olive turned as if to go up to her room, probably to finish the Ibañez romance. It was then Thurston spied her, coming down stairs two at a time, on his way to cover an assignment.

His greeting was whole-hearted and cheery.

"Hello! Don't mind if I run you down, will you? I'm late—always late when there's a pot-roast dinner. Minnie was most liberal, though I whispered beforehand that the date tonight was off—thought it only fair, you know."

Olive gazed back at him perplexedly. "You mean . . . Minnie isn't going to the Palace?"

An absorbing story of the "No Woman's Land" that lies between Broadway and Fifth Ave. One of the most daring, most truthful yarns ever published.

And then in the morning she found herself going gladly to the phone and answering Kit Leinster's gay salutations to the accompaniment of a fond and joyous heart

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"Right-o!" He slipped his fingers in his waistcoat pocket and fished out two complimentary tickets. "See? I'm going myself—in both of 'em—one seat for my hat. Told Minnie I couldn't get 'em for her, and slipped her a dollar instead. The one bean will just pay her way and her steady's to the Fifth Avenue, and the delights of Broadway will remain a sealed volume to her. You did that, and you were right, by jinks!"

"Minnie wouldn't think so. I'd expect arsenic in my coffee if she knew."

"She won't know! . . . Good night! I suppose you're off, too?"

Olive felt the color creep into her cheeks. He took it for granted that she was booked as usual by some gilded youth, and she wasn't sure whether her lack of engagement or his too ready assumption which angered her more.

"I've planned to remain quietly at home tonight and finish a book which I am interested particularly in," she answered, with what she hoped was annihilating hauteur.

But Thurston wasn't so easily crushed.

"By jink! If I had known you were without a date you could have gone with me as well as not," he said.

"Oh, but I couldn't at all," replied Olive, with spirit. "I think I said I preferred my book tonight to an engagement."

Dick nodded thoughtfully.

"I'm going to write a book sometime myself. All about the Big Town. I came from the hinterland, so I know Broadway. And the people back in the sticks like 'inside' stuff. Got a great little tip today."

He paused and looked at her, but Olive maintained a dignified silence, hoping thereby he would read her lack of interest in his work.

"After a moment he said, "You know Edwardy, don't you?"

"The violinist?—I know who he is." Her manner wasn't encouraging.

"I doubt it." Thurston snorted. "I detest that type of man. I'm going to break him, if the dope's right." He emphasized his words with an impressive forefinger.

"You mean you're going to sacrifice an artist to make a Roman holiday." Olive's lip curved. She felt not only out of tune with herself, but with him, with the world. "Well, you've said it—the hinterland eats up that sort of thing, and of course you're a very hungry man."

Thurston only laughed.

"You bet I'm hungry, and that goes two ways—I'm 'hungry' at the 'shop' and hungry in the dining-room. I *wish* I'd asked you to go tonight—there's a new French comedienne on the bill they say's a riot."

Olive turned away, feeling that after all he was irrepressible. "It wouldn't have made the slightest difference if you had asked me—I had planned ahead to accept no engagement for tonight."

WITH this she took herself off upstairs, hoping that her exit was dignified; but the truth of the situation was that Dick Thurston was out the front door before she had gone the distance of three steps. And her spirits drooped accordingly. She felt wholly out of it, tired and ill-humored, when she turned in at her own door, and making a light dropped down on the side of her bed. There she sat and stared. She made no effort to get her book; Thurston's "suggestions" for poems beckoned her from the bureau, but she wasn't in the humor for verse-making tonight. It was a most unusual mood for Olive Adams, and she didn't know exactly how to account for it; but a great unrest possessed her and things which had filled her life a little while ago, no longer held a tithe of interest.

She went to bed early, but lay awake for hours, so that she heard Gina Sevening come in sometime after midnight had struck. A motor had brought her back to Thirty-fourth Street, but Olive couldn't tell whether she had come with or without escort. Probably Gina didn't care; Gina at thirty-five had few illusions. All at once it seemed very terrible to Olive, lying there among the pillows, this life Gina led, this life into which she was drifting. Gina became a sinister figure, her words ill-omens. She saw herself fifteen years hence, and maybe she wouldn't be as lucky as Gina, and Gina was pitiful in her magnificent decay, Heaven knows! But there were greater depths than that. Olive shuddered. Almost she was tempted to climb out of bed and set to work on her poems. In the morning she would go back to her music in earnest, surely!

In work lay salvation; she was thinking too much about Kit Leinster, while his treatment at the country club showed her unmistakably in what manner he regarded her; she would get to work. It seemed scarcely possible, but current events proved the truth of Gina's assertion that such men held their kind lightly, and in due season they rode away with hardly a backward glance to marry some girl in their own set. Olive called all her pride to the fore; she planned a routine which would win for her the name of being a studious and ambitious girl.

And then in the morning she found herself going gladly to the telephone, and answering Kit Leinster's gay salutations to the accompaniment of a loud and joyous heart. Good and grave resolutions melted before his cheery banter like snows before a warm spring sun. There came a lilt in her voice. It was unthought of that she should decline to meet him at the usual place for dinner at six-thirty.

These few minutes at the telephone with Leinster seemed to drive every serious thought from Olive's head. Instead of going up to Aeolian Hall for an interview regarding an

What use did the man from Fifth Avenue have for the beautiful little "tinpanner?" She wasn't a show girl and she wasn't of his own aristocratic class—yet there was a compelling power about her that seemed to draw him irresistibly

engagement, she must fly upstairs to overhaul her wardrobe, although she knew to a ribbon what it comprised. She hadn't a decent stitch to her name, she decided, and ruefully inspecting her made-over frock wondered what she should do for clothes. She had no ready money; she really needed money for current expenses. Her eyes fell on the unwritten poems, but these scarcely offered a way out. Better Gina Sevening's methods . . . She recalled that Gina explained how she bought all of her really smart apparel from a specialty shop at small weekly payments.

But Olive had all of a provincial's horror of debt. "I can't do it," she said, declining Gina's methods.

ALL morning she dawdled away the hours she should have spent at Aeolian Hall, devising ways and means—and discarding them. When noon chimed she had arrived at no satisfactory conclusion, and half the day was gone. But still she clung to hope, and like Cinderella of old looked for some miracle which would enable her to meet her prince. She was still planning when the luncheon gong sounded, and going downstairs she entered the dining-room with her brain more absorbed with dress than food. Olive was seldom at home for lunch; the landlady, indeed, could scarcely conceal her astonishment that there should be people so bourgeois as to turn up for the mid-day meal. There were exactly six people in the room when Olive entered, apologetically, but one of these persons was Dick Thurston, with the willing Minnie hovering in his vicinity. Olive thought she glimpsed generous helpings, and "seconds" that were sometimes thirds, rushed to his end of the table.

"I had to come home to get some clean linen, so I thought I might as well stop for chow," he explained later. "I've got to catch the special matinee performance of 'A Doll's House' at the Vendome this afternoon—say, can't you come along? This Rebecca St. Ives, you know. An inexperienced woman, with a father with oodles of money. Everybody says it will be very funny, but she's deadly in earnest about it and I believe in giving her a fair show. Come along?"

It was on the tip of her tongue to refuse, and then she decided that she was behaving very foolishly, and since her life lacked exactly that one thing—friendship—she couldn't do better than to be friends with Thurston. Her position in the Thirty-fourth Street house wasn't exactly a happy one. At first she had been too busy with her music to give much time to her fellow-boarders, and lately she had been too occupied with Leinster. And imported motor-cars, liveried chauffeurs, and dinner engagements hadn't endeared Olive Adams to the inmates of the house. Dick Thurston wasn't Leinster, of course, but for some time he had let her see that he enjoyed her company, and he had been most generous, as witness the ideas for verse; so she extended the hand of freindship and said yes.

One didn't have to dress for a man whose change of linen made him presentable for any occasion. Olive flew up to her room for her hat and jacket, and turned a little heart-sick at the signs of upheaval which greeted her eyes. Trunk and bureau drawers were still turned out, just as she had left them to go down to luncheon. She paused for a moment, letting her eye run over the odds and ends which lay littered about the room.

"It's no use!" she said all at once, with a sharp intake of breath. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I'll phone Kit and call the date off tonight."

CHAPTER VII

A Modern Nora

APPARENTLY Thurston labored under the delusion that taxicabs were something to write about, for he whisked Olive into the subway and jumped her out at Times Square before she realized what had happened. Then they took it on the run across Seventh Avenue to the Vendome Theatre, one of those new and intimate playhouses which have sprung up mushroom-like in the West Forties. It was all very undignified and Olive arrived breathless and with her hat askew, but Thurston was intent upon getting into their seats before the rise of the curtain.

"You're not at all like the regular critics," she protested, just a trifle indignant at the whole business. "I saw them the other night at the Waldorf opening. The *Planet* man didn't arrive until the middle of the second act, and then he said 'damn!' out loud when he discovered he didn't have aisle seats. Everybody laughed right out, and the next morning the critic on the *Echo* wrote that Sibley's damn was the first laugh of the evening."

Thurston nodded shortly.

"Yes, I know. Those fellows are starring themselves and not the shows they're supposed to be reviewing. Of course it's a good business angle, but I can't see stabbing a player in the back simply to get my name on a Sixth Avenue ash-can. Then I'm not a regular critic. I do this sort of stuff under my Whirl of the Town."

It occurred to Olive suddenly that she had never seen Thurston's stuff. She knew he was on one of the less important papers, and she had gotten the idea somehow that he was an ordinary reporter. She determined to look up the Whirl of the Town column in the *Monitor* the moment she reached home. One thing: she felt he would be fair.

The afternoon wasn't without its interesting side in spite of the fact that the self-made star gave a thoroughly bad performance. Even Olive, whose standard was scarcely that of Broadway, saw the amateur in Miss St. Ives's portrayal. Applause, from well-meaning friends, deceived no one.

Thurston was a little thoughtful as they went

(*Continued on page* 26)

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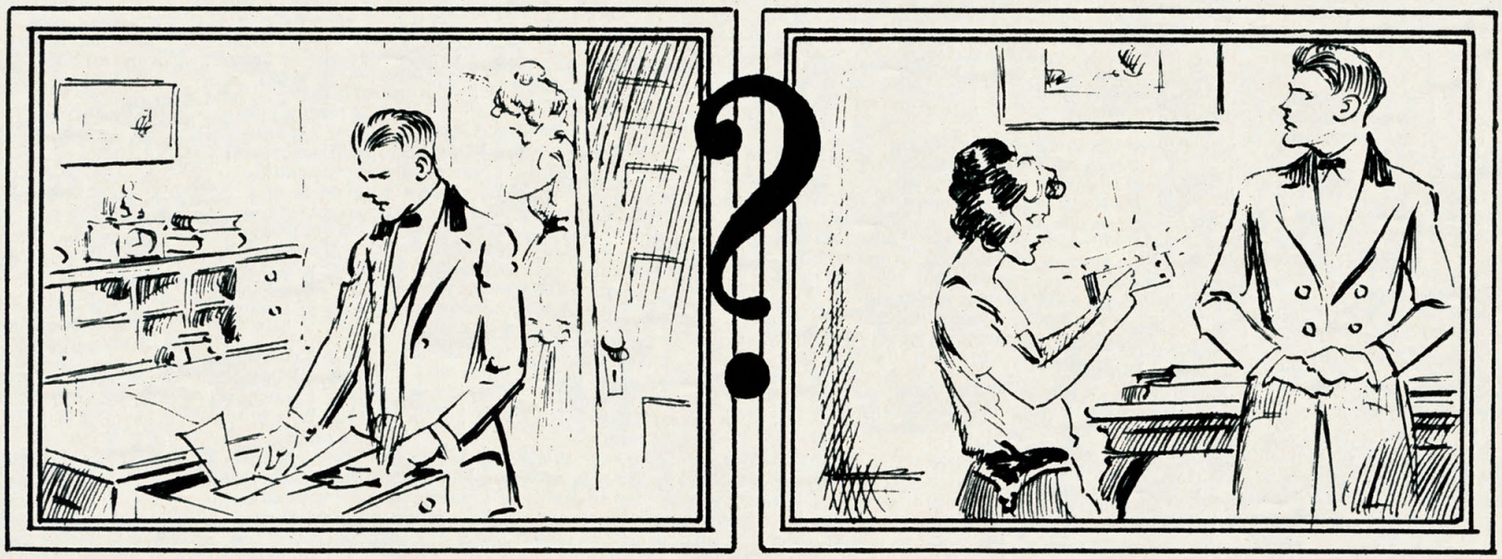
Was He Guilty?

By Arthur H. Howland



EVER been in the Criminal Courts Building on Franklin Street? Rather, it's on four streets, Centre, Franklin, Lafayette and White, for it includes an entire block. A curious old structure of somber yellow, connected by the gloomy Bridge of Sighs with the doleful, heavy gray mass of rock known all over the world as the Tombs.

Anxiety, sorrow, despair hang over both buildings as a pall.

But in the courts building there is gaiety too. Gaiety because a large percentage of the citizens there arraigned and tried go forth to liberty. Once the passage is made through the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs, however, gaiety ends. For there languish the prisoners without bail and those awaiting removal to the penitentiary or state prison—and a score or more every year who begin from that death-like house their journey to the actual Death House at Sing Sing, from which they must pass through the little green door to the grim chair whose embrace is Death itself.

There is gaiety in the Criminal Courts building for other reasons too, one of the chief ones being the presence of two or three dozen newspaper men. Some of them have been assigned to the courts and offices of that building for periods of from fifteen to twenty years. Serving their time, not like prisoners, but like school boys on a never-ending lark. For it is not a dull assignment. Something doing every hour—and checkers, cards, cigarettes and chatter between times. Lazy, good-humored chatter it is, among themselves or with old cronies who happen in, about the strange drama of the great city's crime as they have viewed it through one city administration after another, year by year.

The day men—that is the reporters on the morning papers—hang out in a bit of a school-room-like den on the third floor, diagonally across the hall from the District Attorney's office in the southeast corner of the building; the evening paper men in a sort of three-room-club on the second mezzanine floor on the northwest corner.

The three rooms are—a longish lounging room, with tables for checkers and cards; a writing room with four somewhat dilapidated desks equipped with typewriters, a bottomless chair or two, and an exquisite old leather couch, much in need of the upholsterer's touch, provided by the gods in case one has lingered late the night before at play or work; and the den of the Dean, set midway and cornerwise of the two other rooms.

In the Dean's den are a desk and two chairs, one for himself, another for a caller. If he has two at once the second must perch himself on a shelf that happens to have been built in at convenient height, and in another corner, behind his desk, the telephone. This telephone is the pulse of the Criminal Courts building. It stands on a battered shelf, before which stands a still more battered swivel chair, packed with ancient telephone books, and sitting here the Dean sends over the direct wire to the head office of the City News Association the last word from court room, clerk's office, judge's chambers, District Attorney's office or detective bureau every half or quarter hour.

This is another of Mr. Howland's stories of the Criminal Courts Building—stories which are rapidly becoming famous. Full of human interest and "inside stuff," you will be intrigued and held to the very last word

The Dean, of course, is Billy Cox, known, loved and trusted by judge, jury, commissioner, clerk, attache, elevator-man, scrub-woman, lawyer and crook.

For Billy is on the level—and has kept there for twenty years.

Yet, veteran though he is, he looks like a school boy, plump, red-cheeked, hardy, agile, merry.

INCIDENTALLY, Billy is many things beside reporter, political adviser and frequent member of court commissions. There is a great open court extending from ground to roof of this ancient building, with galleries running on all four sides at every floor in the shadows of gigantic pillars. And at the bottom of this open court the Dean has established a lunch counter for the refreshment of all comers—judge, prisoner or porter—and the aroma of his coffee rises morning and afternoon from the big urns on the street floor to his office midway toward the roof.

Perhaps before going ahead with the life and death stories of the Criminal Courts building you should be invited to consider for a moment the pictures on the walls of the three-room-club. In the lounging room prominent among the newspaper photos plastered on the walls are two pictures of former District Attorney Jerome, group photographs of the men themselves—one showing Bob Wilkes, of the Evening World, sharing a story with his pals, another of old man Bisbey, of the Globe, receiving some sort of testimonial from the bunch, a double-page ad from the Saturday Evening Post revealing the charming proportions of a half dozen bathing girls draped about a six-cylinder touring car; and in the Dean's den the wall is generously plastered with clippings, reports, tables, scoops, newspaper faces, covering the city's annals for a decade and a half.

Of course it's hard to fool any of these boys about a case in court. They have talked with the accused and suspected, with criminals and alleged criminals, with plaintiffs and mere complainers by the thousand—but the other afternoon I happened in upon them when they were frankly perplexed. A jury was out; and opinions as to what the jury would do and what it ought to do were as varied as the pictures on the walls.

My friend Billy, for instance, can hardly be called a lady's man, and ladies seldom invade the three-room-club. But I found him talking earnestly in the shadow of one of the great pillars on the second mezzanine gallery with a bright-faced little lady, prettily clad and adorned with a big, drooping picture hat.

He stepped aside to tell me that he had at first thought this case was another frame-up, but that he was becoming convinced that the lady was telling the truth. It was a hotel robbery case.

That sounded like a MIDNIGHT story, so he presented me to the little lady and brought her into his den, together with her companion whom he kidnapped from a group of the boys who were being gladly led by her from doubt to faith. The little lady with the picture hat sat in one visitor's chair, her companion in the other, and I perched myself on the built-in shelf.

And this was the little lady's story, which the jury was pondering in the jury room:

She had been robbed—robbed of two rings, one worth $2,200, the other $150, and of $150 in cash. Taken last March from her room in a fashionable New York hotel. She had chased the thief for

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five months and had caught him, in another New York hotel. And the man she called a thief was down stairs under guard waiting, as she was waiting, for the jury's verdict.

She was a California girl, she said, and her visit to New York took place shortly after her marriage to a Chicago motion picture man. She was waiting for him to join her in New York, and in the meantime was enjoying herself with friends, old and new, in the unfamiliar city.

Here are some of the scenes in the little drama, some bright, some glaring, some somber, like the somber building in which we were all awaiting the jury's answer to the riddle.

A JOLLY dinner party in an uptown hotel. Something to drink. Plenty of it—and extra good. Among the diners a young and charming doctor, who was good enough to write an occasional prescription for a friend.

The doctor, happily, was staying at the same hotel. After the dinner came a jolly party. Next day an automobile ride. Another dinner. Theatre. More prescriptions. More fun.

The doctor was thoroughly charming. Educated, as doctors must be. Cultured. A good talker. Well behaved. A great asset to any crowd of young folks or old bent on pleasure.

A few afternoons later, answering a knock at her bedroom door, she was surprised to find the doctor standing asking admittance.

"I have brought that prescription you asked for," he explained.

She thought he was not keeping up to the required standards of propriety in coming to her room without telephoning in advance, but since he was a doctor, and a friend, and had the prescription she wanted, she let him in, apologizing for not being quite dressed and asking him to wait for her while she finished her toilet in her other room.

It never occurred to her to be anxious about her little hand-bag tucked away in the drawer of her table. In it were a dinner ring, valued at $2,200, her wedding ring, cost $150, a hundred dollar bill and a fifty dollar bill.

She finished dressing, rejoined the doctor, received her prescription, took her hand bag and went with him for the promised ride.

And it was not 'till after she had left him that she looked into her bag and found that bills and money were gone.

She notified the hotel detective, telling him that she believed the doctor had taken the property while she was dressing. Then it developed that the doctor had vanished, taking all his effects from his room and leaving without doing the hotel the courtesy of paying his bill.

Then the young California girl set herself the task of catching a New York crook.

The rest of March passed, April, May. Summer came—June, July, August.

She was passing through the lobby of another hotel, and caught sight of the doctor, talking with his old animation to a group of friends. She nodded. He responded, perplexed.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked.

He had provided himself with horn-rimmed glasses, but even with these he did not recognize her.

"Oh yes, aren't you the young lady I met last Spring at Atlantic City?"

"No. Right here in New York. You surely remember."

He did not.

But he fell into her trap and invited her friend and herself to dine with him. He was looking not quite so dapper as in March, but was evidently still in the swim.

She said that would be fine but she would have to go and telephone to call off another engagement. Walking toward the booth she whispered to her friend:

"There's the man who stole my rings. You go back and talk to him while I get a detective."

She went to the desk and telling her story, found that the man was wanted there as well as by her and the management of the other hotel. He had indulged there too in his bad habit of going away inadvertently without paying his bill. Yet he had dared to appear again, in very thin disguise, and meet friends in the lobby.

THE hotel detective came back with her to where the doctor sat.

"Aren't you Doctor Blank?" said the detective.

"Yes," smiled the young physician.

"Do you mind stepping over to the desk and talking about that little bill you seem to owe us?"

"Not at all. Let's go right along," said the doctor, smiling and rising.

The bill could not be dodged, nor met, so the detective brought him back to the little lady.

She sat down beside him, as the detective waited.

"Why did you do this?" Her voice was gentle, almost friendly. She wanted to give him every chance to escape jail if she could. "Didn't you care anything about leaving a girl without money in a strange city? Didn't you know I prized those rings. I thought we were friends. Why did you do it?"

"My dear young lady, I don't know what you are talking about. This is all a mistake."

She turned to the detective.

"It's no use," she said. "You'll have to take him."

And instead of a dinner party it was a police court party of which the doctor found himself a member.

On a settee before the magistrate's bench in the police court she tried again to get him to confess.

"I don't want to send you to jail," she told him quietly. "Why don't you tell me the truth? All I want is my rings. Never mind the money. Give me back my rings."

"I can't do that," he said. "At least I can only give back one. I sold the pawn ticket for the other."

Woman's wiles had won.

"Which ticket did you sell?"

"For the dinner ring. I don't know how to trace it. But I've still got the ticket for the wedding ring, and you can have that."

Did he actually steal the rings from the woman, or did she give them to him because she loved him? Regardless of the verdict of twelve good men and true, what do you think?

"Let this man go," she told the detective. 'He'll give me back one ring and try to get the other. I don't want to send him to jail. That wouldn't do him any good, nor anybody else."

The detective smiled.

"Too late. The police department has the case now. You'll have to go through with it."

I looked up at the Dean and the other boys who had ambled near. The voice under the picture hat had a soothing, alluring sound that had a tendency to take male feet off their intended track.

"The detective stretched a point there, didn't he?" I asked the Dean.

He smiled and nodded "yes."

But the detectives had been after him a long time, and now that he was in their hands they did not want to let him go. Then, too, there was the matter of the hotel bills.

Brought before the police desk he told a shocking tale. The young woman, he declared, had been violently in love with him. And had given him the rings as proof of her affection.

'But why did you go away then, without bidding her good-bye?" said the lieutenant.

"Because she always had made such a time when I left her, crying and making a scene."

"And there I was," came the voice from under the picture hat in the Dean's den, waiting for my husband, who joined me three days later."

AT the final trial, after some weeks in the Tombs, the man modified his story to some extent, but insisted that the young woman had been in love with him, and had given him the rings. He said he lived in a midwestern city, and excused himself for posing as a doctor by saying that he was actually a chemist.

That was the little lady's story.

She and her friend went down-stairs then to have some coffee from the Dean's steaming urn.

We went down later, and still later came up to continue the vigil of waiting for the jury.

The boys had all sent in the story, up to the moment of the jury's retirement, to their respective papers, and the Dean to the City News. We lounged about waiting and debating.

It was the woman's word against the man's. Both agreed that he had taken the rings. That he did not deny. She said he had stolen them; he said they were a gift.

Who had lied?

At last a bell rang, indicating that the jury was ready. We filed downstairs and into the court-room.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What is your verdict?"

"NOT GUILTY."

We failed to find the picture hat after the dismissal of the jury.

But a juryman was overheard to say to the "doctor" as he received his thanks for his part in the acquittal—which had saved him a half dozen years in Sing Sing—

"You had a close call."

I have told the whole story.

If you had been on the jury what would your vote have been?

The Heart of a Tinpanner

(Continued from Page 24)

back to the subway station, and Olive caught herself wondering what he thought of the matinee. Almost as if in answer to her thoughts, he told her, but she was struck by the fact that while he heartily condemned the performance, there wasn't any superiority in his manner, nor suggestion of flippancy.

"But then I've never had any patience with *Nora*," he confessed at the end of his criticism. "I can understand better these painted, mincing dolls we see over on Broadway. They at least have the sense—probably it's only business sense, but no matter—to be thoroughly feminine. These Hedda-women irritate me more than overcrowded trains at rush hours."

"We irritate you because you're afraid of our thinking too much, too hard," interposed Olive slyly. "Sex isn't one's whole existence." She felt very audacious when she said this. "We should live our lives according to our heart."

"Yes, but few of us do," announced Thurston.

She couldn't see the expression on his face, but there was something in his speech which struck her rather unpleasantly and she was thankful when the subway made further conversation out of the question. As a matter of fact, Olive knew surprisingly little about Ibsen's *Nora*, but she seemed to offer an excellent prop on which to hang excuses for such actions of our own which in reality are but our natural inclinations. Often Olive found herself searching for an excuse; the Scandinavian heroine seemed to be created especially for her benefit. The decision to live one's life untrammeled had been settled by master minds.

"To be true to one's self is the important law of nature," she found herself repeating as she entered the house in Thirty-fourth Street. Miss St. Ives had worn a very exquisite frock as *Nora* in the last act, and the actor playing the husband had exhibited palpably false whiskers: Olive recalled his whiskers and chose to ignore the babies, when she defended the lady's conduct at the close. "We musn't be bound by conventions," she thought, as she turned the key in her door.

THE room's untidiness recalled to mind that she had neglected to telephone to Leinster, breaking the engagement for this evening. It was nearly six now. She was quite undecided as to her next move, when she heard Gina on the stairs, and rushed out to intercept her.

Miss Sevening regarded the litter with cryptic eyes.

"It can't be done," she observed. "All the king's horses and all the king's men can't make a Lucile model out of a Sixth Avenue hand-me-down. I suppose it's Leinster?"

"I'm not going," Olive replied. "You know the truth—I haven't anything to wear. I should have phoned to him, I suppose."

"Well, it seems to me the clubby thing to

(*Continued on page 30*)

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From the Underworld to Fifth Avenue

The Regeneration of a Lost Soul

ALL the electric chairs, prisons and punishments and penalties in the world couldn't have prevented me from making that trip to New York. Nothing could have altered my determination to run to earth and kill the beast who had betrayed me and then left me alone with my sin and my shame to work out my own salvation as best I could. No, I wasn't in that reflective, deliberative frame of mind that makes one stop and think of consequences. When desperation enters reason vanishes. Desperation knows no law. I was both desperate and bitter beyond any possibility of expression in words! My case, I mused, was not a case for courts, not a case for the slow, meaningless process of law that never heals the bleeding wound. The law could not give me back my virtue and the society that the law represented would brand me "bad woman" when it discovered that I had violated it's code of morals!

I had my own idea of what should be done with dogs like "Handsome Jack Martin" who went over the country ruining innocent, young girls. I was going to take the law in my own hands. I intended to kill him and I knew that no jury in the land would convict me of murder after I had told my story!

As the train rolled along I was wondering how he would receive me—how he would act, what he would say and what excuses he might offer for the way he had treated me. I cannot begin to enumerate all the things that I was thinking, for my mind was torn to pieces as a result of the six or seven weeks agony that I had undergone. I only know that I was hungry for revenge! I was like a wounded animal at bay.

It was to be my first visit to New York. I didn't know a soul in the city. A feeling of helplessness and loneliness enveloped me when I stepped off the train. I had recalled sending messages to the Martha Washington Hotel, a woman's hotel, so I went there and registered under an assumed name. After I had been assigned to a room I left the hotel immediately to begin my hunt for Mr. Martin. By making several inquiries I managed to find Forty-sixth Street.

As I turned off Broadway my attention was attracted to six or seven finely dressed and highly painted girls who were promenading slowly up and down the street. I observed that they all knew each other for they stopped and chatted occasionally. Now and then when a man sauntered along one of the girls accosted him. After they talked for a minute or two the man and the girl would disappear into one of the houses. I knew right away that I was in the tenderloin and that these girls were "street walkers," or in the parlance of the underworld "hustlers." Automatically I began to wonder if Jack Martin lived in such a neighborhood and if he didn't, what sort of man was he even if he knew anybody who did live in that colony of shame.

As I stood there thinking a girl spoke to me.

"Hello," she said rather sweetly.

"Good evening," I replied, "how are you."

"Oh, fierce," she grunted, "business is rotten, haven't made a dollar tonight. I think I'll take a walk up Broadway and rub the hump of that hunchback messenger boy, it always gives me good luck."

Wretched as I was feeling I had to laugh at this remark. Her extreme youth interested me and I was thinking how a girl her age ever got into such a life. She didn't look to be a day over eighteen. Her lips were fairly covered with paint and I noticed that she had perfect white teeth when she smiled. Her face was rose-red with rouge; she was "made up" like a burlesque queen.

"Live around here?" she went on.

"No," I answered, "I'm from Boston."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you're a Boston girl, eh? How's business in Boston? All the girls hustle in cafes over there, don't they?"

"I guess I don't know anything about the girls that you're referring to."

"Ain't ya a sporting girl?"

"No, I'm a telegrapher."

"Well," she continued, "I tried the simple life but I nearly went simple. I can't see that working gag, me for the bright lights and lots of dough. What's work get ya? Nothing."

She was amusing, so I stood there talking to her until finally she told me her name, Doris Bell. It occurred to me that she might possibly know Mr. Martin, so I asked her if she did.

"Big Jack," she fairly screamed, "sure I knows him, everybody around the tenderloin knows Jack; he just got a five spot in the stir for trimming an old sucker out of five grand."

This language was all Greek to me so I asked her what she meant by "five spot" and "stir" and "five grand."

She laughed and replied, "I see that ya don't know much about the lingo, do ya? Well, dearie, the stir is prison, five spot is five years and five grand is five thousand dollars. Poor Jack got five years in Dannemora for copping a five thousand roll from a John. Now do ya git me?"

"Jack Martin in prison?" I gasped. "Are you sure?"

"Sure?" she exclaimed. "Course I'm sure, don't I live in the same house with him? Why so excited

THE woman who wrote this story came from a family in moderate, respectable circumstances. She takes a position as telegraph operator in a fine hotel in Boston, where she becomes acquainted with "Handsome Jack" Martin. After he had deceived her, he disappeares. She buys a gun and comes to New York to look for him.

Her extreme youth interested me, and I was thinking how a girl of her age ever got into such a life. Her lips were fairly covered with paint, and I noticed that she had perfect white teeth when she smiled

Up from the gutter she came, up from the dirt and the squalor, until finally, winning over her circumstances and her environment, she attained the heights to which all good women aspire.

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about it. It isn't the first time that Jack has been in the boob. Me and his girl is friends for years."

"His girl," I said, "who is his girl?"

"Kitty Grant, she's been keeping him for a long time, but she's through with him, he's been double-crossing her, running around with other girls. Jack plays all of 'em."

I could hardly believe what she said. I was stunned, bewildered. I was sure that there must be some mistake, that the Jack Martin she was speaking of was not the Jack Martin that I knew. She interrupted my reverie.

"Ya can satisfy yourself by asking at one-forty-eight there. Sammy Schwartz will tell ya that Big Jack is in the stir."

I left her and went up to one-forty-eight. An insipid looking, well-dressed young fellow answered the bell.

"Howdy," he greeted me, "what can I do for ya?"

"I'm looking for a Mr. Jack Martin. Does he live here?"

"Used to," he grinned, "but not no more. Are ya a friend of Jacks?"

"Yes," I replied, "an old friend and I would like to see him. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Sure, come in sister."

As soon as he closed the door I heard loud, boisterous voices, cursing and swearing on the floor above. "Sammy" went over to the foot of the stairs and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Mabel! Mabel!"

"Yes, dearie," a woman answered.

"Say," he continued, "what the hell's the matter up there. Cut out that racket will ya, ya'll have the cops in here. Chase those dames out on the street." Almost instantaneously three or four girls came down the stairs and went out laughing.

"A lazy bunch of tarts," Sammy exclaimed, "they won't hustle as long as they got a few bucks in their kick. Well ya want to know about Jack. He's in Dannemora doing a five spot for a touch. Got sent away last week. Poor Jack was a right guy and I'm all broke up over his fall. We tried to square the sucker, but there was no chance."

"I wonder if he's the same Jack Martin that I know," I interrupted him.

"There's only one Jack Martin around the tenderloin that I knows of. I guess it's the same one that you know, anyhow I got a mug of him up stairs. I'll get it and let you take a flash at it," he replied, as he dashed up the stairs to get the "mug." He returned with a photograph.

"Here's the Jack Martin that I know sis," he exclaimed, as he handed me the photo.

A GLANCE was sufficient; it was the same face that I first saw looking at me through the little window of my office at the Touraine. The father of my unborn babe was a "pimp" and a thief, a man of the underworld, and he told me that he was a society man! Words fail me right here. I won't attempt to paint a picture of my feelings. I will only say that I was more wretched than ever, sick at heart! I got up to go and as I passed out of the door "Sammy" said to me:

"Well, so-long sis, if ya are going to hustle around here come back and see me. I got a nice room for ya and ya can get away with murder in my joint. I got all the coppers and dicks on the beat fixed. Ya can run Johns in and out all night long if ya want to."

When I got outside my head began to reel and when I stepped on the sidewalk I collapsed. Some fifteen or twenty minutes later I woke up. I was lying on a couch in "Sammy's" house surrounded by five or six girls and three or four fellows.

"Ya fainted, kid," the little girl Doris with whom I had been talking on the street spoke to me, "swallow this and it'll straighten ya up." She handed me a glass of whiskey. I drank it and it revived me.

"This is Jack's girl, Kitty, that I was telling ya about," Doris continued. She introduced "Kitty Grant" to me and before I left the house that night I learned many things about "Handsome Jack Martin" from "Kitty."

"When I first met him," she told me, "he was an usher in the Globe Theatre. He was a swell looker so I fell for him with a crash. I was working as a waitress in Child's at the time and I want to tell ya that I was a good girl, but after I had known him for about a year I was out hustling on Broadway, and just as soon as I started in to make big dough he quit work. I was crazy about him so I used to give him all my jack."

I might have overlooked his being a crook, but never his living off the earnings of a woman of the streets. That was an unpardonable abomination, revolting and loathsome! No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could possibly resort to such an unspeakable method of living. There is always some extenuating circumstance that can be offered in behalf of the crook, but the "pimp" never. He's the scum of roguery! The dregs in the cup of sin! Such was the character of "Handsome Jack Martin," the man who sent me stumbling headlong into the bottomless pit of despair.

When I got back to the Martha Washington Hotel that night I was a pretty lonely girl. I sat on the bed and thought what I was going to do next. Finally I decided that I was going back home and tell my parents all about my condition and what I learned concerning my betrayer. I dreaded this ordeal worse than I am able to tell for both my father and mother were extremely religious, the most pious and the most devout Catholics.

Just as soon as I arrived in Boston I went direct to my home and told my parents the story. Ah, God, I shall never forget that night as long as I live! My father acted like a wild man. He kicked me all over the house. He called me all the vile names that he could think of and eventually ordered me out of the house.

"Get out and stay out. I don't want such a woman under the same roof with me," he told me.

My mother, God bless her, while she was all broken up over my sin, did everything that she could to make it easy for me. She pleaded with my father to forgive and forget, but it was no use, he was obdurate and unyielding. He said that I had to go or he would go. Both of us can't live under the same roof."

What happened when the girl finally found the man who had deceived her? He had told her he was a society man. He turned out to be a thief, a procurer —and worse. Was any punishment too great for him, the father of her unborn babe?

NOW, if my father had been a real sensible man with any understanding of life, if he had been broad and sympathetic, if he had taken into consideration my youth and the fact that I gave myself because I loved and because the man confessed his love for me and promised to marry me, he would have overlooked my sin and would have forgiven me. But, unfortunately, he was not that type. He was one of the old school of hard-headed, hard-hearted Irishmen. He never forgave and never forgot. Adultery, in his opinion, was the worst sin that a girl could be guilty of, worse than murder! Father had no understanding of the fundamentals of life. His mind evolved and revolved around the priest and the church and his work. He never read a book; church and confession and communion was a passion with him, but he didn't have any of the compassion of the God that he worshipped. And so it has always been with the world. The world has always believed that the saint was the nearest approach to the ideal, but Christ through his divine instinct, that filled everybody with wonder, seems to have always recognized the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man. That this was the philosophy of Jesus is evidenced by what he said to the mob that wanted to stone Mary Magdalen, "Her sins are forgiven her because she loved much."

How different my life might have been if my father had said that to me!

For what happened to me up until the time that I made my confession to my parents I blame myself absolutely. It was all my own fault. I acknowledged it and I'm sorry for it. But for what I became in the later years I hold my father responsible. He could have saved me if he had been merciful, saved me from the Hell that scorched me and blistered me to the marrow!

The night that he turned me out on the streets like a dog he hardened me. That one act of his strangled every good instinct in me, killed every bit of tenderness and destroyed, for a time, my faith in God, the church and everything that lived and breathed! I renounced all belief in everything in life. I hated my father with all the venomous hatred of which I was capable. I thought he was a human rattlesnake and I made up my mind that I was going into the mire as deep as I could go and after I was rotten to the core, as filthy and depraved as could be I was coming back to Boston and let all my friends know how despicable I had become, how low I had fallen! This, I thought, would be my revenge!

That was the state of mind that I was in when I boarded the Merchants Limited for the trip back to New York. I hadn't been on the train very long before I required the services of a physician. The beating and the kicking prevented me from becoming a mother. When I arrived in New Haven I was taken from the train on a stretcher and placed in a hospital where I remained for a few days and then continued on my journey to New York.

I went to "Sammy's" at one-forty-eight West Forty-sixth Street where "Doris" and "Kitty" and the rest of the girls lived. I thought I would learn the ropes before I started in, get acquainted with all the girls and all the boys of the underworld.

"Sammy" was surprised to see me again.

"Back again, eh?" he greeted me. "Want that room?"

"Yes," I replied, "I want to live in your house and I want to meet all the girls."

I could see that he was a little bewildered as he stammered out

"Why you're not a hustler, are ya? Doris told me that ya was a right goil."

"I was once," I told him, "but no more. I'm a hustler now."

"Good, good," he drawled, "dats the idea, ther's nothing in that square-shooting game, nothing but a lot of hard woik. There's only one life and that's the sporting life. Ya got the right idea sis, believe an old timer."

HE charged me fifteen dollars a week for the room. Five dollars a week went to the police on the beat "for protection," ten dollars a week went to the detectives on the beat "for protection." There were about one hundred and twenty-five girls in the neighborhood so you can see that the police made quite a nice pile of money every week for their "rake-off." It was all blood money, every dollar of it, the worst kind of money that a human being can take. It stunk, it was vile, but the police took it!

The first night that I spent in the underworld of New York, Sammy introduced me to all the gang. Burglars, pickpockets, gun men, assassins, dope fiends, opium smokers, badger game workers, confidence men. I met all the plunderers and all the prowlers and all the killers as I made my way around the cafes and the cabarets with Doris and Kitty and Sammy. I became a favorite with them. The men liked me and the girls liked me. One of the crooks that I met that night was "Scar-face Joe," who had the reputation of being "one of the toughest and one of the most desperate gunmen that ever rambled through the underworld."

"Joe" was the head of the "murder trust" of the New York underworld. He had fifteen or twenty confederates at work all the time beating up and killing victims for his clients. It was common talk amongst the boys and girls of the tenderloin that "Joe" had "four notches on his gun." Most of the girls were crazy about him primarily because of his reputation as "a killer."

He invited Sammy, Kitty, Doris and myself to sit at his table and have a drink with him.

"You're a nice looking girl," he said to me, "new around here, ain't ya?"

"Yes, I'm new," I told him.

Send in your suggestions. The editors of MIDNIGHT are glad to hear from you

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He was perfectly nice to me and I recall that he hit a "John," who was sitting at the next table, over the head with his gun because he was cursing.

While we were sitting there talking "Sammy" happened to remark that I "was an old girl of Jack Martin's." Immediately "Scar-face Joe's" eyes flashed fire and his jaws snapped together as he roared:

"What? Ya don't mean to tell me that ya lived with that rat do ya?"

"No," I replied, "I never lived with him."

"It's a good thing that he was sent away or I would have put him in a coffin. That guy is an eighteen-karat rat if there ever was one, and if he ever shows his mug around this neighborhood again I will blow the top of his nut off."

These expressions from "the killer" won me.

"What did he do to you Joe?" I asked him.

"Well——"

Bang! bang! bang! A fusilade of shots interrupted his speech and he fell to the floor just as the lights in the cafe were extinguished. Guns were popping in the dark and above the turmoil of screaming women and the loud detonation of the shots I could distinctly hear the voice of "Joe" moaning and groaning as if he were dying.

(*To be continued.*)

Nothing To It

(*Continued from Page 20*)

him that evening—mentioning a place where unpleasant associations would not obtrude.

For the space of a second Elizabeth hesitated, while an angry flush crept up to the roots of her hair. So Rodney intended to ignore her side of the affair. She bit her lip to keep back the words that fairly screamed for utterance, and which, if spoken would separate them forever. She longed to say scornfully, "O, you fool, you vain-glorious fool of a man," but she didn't. She thought of the string of priceless pearls adorning the white neck of the woman who mad married Rodney and for the first time she understood her. The sub-conscious bond of sisterhood that unites all women when it comes to a question of warfare against the other sex, awoke in her.

"Hello, are you there?" came through the phone in Rodney's impatient tones.

"Yes, I'll be there on time," she answered sweetly, and waited. Rodney was speaking hurriedly and Elizabeth read his mind like an open book. He wanted everything understood so that the subject could never be opened up either then or at any future time. She knew Rodney's way.

All he said was: "By-the-way, Bess, you know that little matter we were speaking about the night I left for the South?" Rodney's inflection called for no reply. He cleared his throat and resumed in a matter-of-fact tone, "Well, that was all cleared up you know. When I spoke to The Madame she told me all about it. Seems Mrs. Noller is a little sweet on the fellow and The Madame was helping her out by making dates for her. She was afraid to let me know about it until I had promised not to tell Noller. I told The Madame I didn't approve of it at all, but it's all right with The Madame though—you understand?"

This time Rodney's tone did call for a reply.

"O, I see. Yes, I understand," she said comprehendingly.

"Sure thing," he was evidently relieved that everything was settled satisfactorily to all concerned, "nothin' to it a-tall!"

Elizabeth hung up the receiver. Her decision was made.

She would take a leaf from the note-book of the woman who had married Rodney. "She is far wiser than I am. She knows how to manage men," she reflected. "Hereafter—believe me, he'll pay. This devotion I've been handing out gratuitously"—a steely look came into her eyes—"nothin' to it."

In our November 11th issue we will announce the names of the prize winners in the famous MIDNIGHT THRILL CONTEST

The Sad Tale *of* George R.

by Madame Pythagoras

Are you troubled about your fate? Does it appear to you that the numerals in your name don't vibrate exactly right? Would you like to know what your exact position in the scheme of things is? This week Madame Pythagoras continues her interesting series of articles on the relation of names to character and destiny, by means of numbers and vibrations. If you want to find out about yourself, send in your name and let Madame Pythagoras figure out your vibrations

GEORGE GUELPH WETTIN——

So, you want to know your character and above all, your "fate," as revealed by the vibrations of your name?

You have an interesting combination of vibrations, George. Fact is, you just simply wobble with vibrates—like half-congealed jelly. Don't blame me—I'm merely recording the seismographic record as per the rules and reg-er-lashuns set forth by my ancient ancestor.

No indeed, I am not, emphatically *not*, the widow of the Mr. Pythagoras who discovered numerals. Your sense of humor is disclosed by your last name—Wettin. I'll say the name is funny in itself.

But inasmuch as you come of a race that is said to be lacking in a sense of humor, I'd better explain why it is that you wobble.

First of all, take the name George. George vibrates to 10. Meaning that Georges are all through—they begin all over again—several times do they do this—unless (I'm so thankful for that "unless") *unless* other vibrations in their cosmos interfere. If they substantiate the "through" part of them—they are through with the old—for keeps. Otherwise they start something new every little while.

Now, your inner nature, as revealed by the George of you, is naturally radical, original, adventurous and eager for new ways, new ideas, new scenes—something different.

The middle name of you—Guelph—is the thing that keeps the George of you in check—that and other things. Guelph is a 2—the vibration of a diplomat, a time-server, a tactician—even, with other adjuncts—a statesman. It is not difficult to estimate the connection and the degree of difference between the tactful diplomat and the "stay-put", time-server. They have the same qualities, only different in combination and degree. For example a rank liar might become with education and application and directed purpose a great fiction writer.

Now, with the originality and radicalism of George, the stay-putness (if one may so speak of so dignified a name) of Guelph, might become a great statesman, but alas and alack! The three of that last name—Wettin! Threes are great humorists, comedians and fun-makers, or they are merely seekers after excitement and pleasure—it all depends upon the other characteristics in their composition. And so, with the inherent radicalism, and originality of 1, plus the stay-putness of the 2, plus the sense of humor and love of ease and gayety of the 3, the sum of the character is 6; six gives judgment and intelligence.

In this case, George Guelph Wettin being the family name of the King of England, the judgment and intelligence are enlisted on the side of "staying-put." Inasmuch as King George has had the family name changed from the German Guelph and Wettin, to the good old English Windsor, that changes the 3 of "Wettin" to a 6. This indicates a move in the right direction; it argues a change in the family from a love of gayety and ease and a good time, to a broader outlook; a more inclusive sympathy and a clearer, more intelligent judgment. It may well be so, because the days of profligate kings is past, and rulers must become wise servants of the people, if they would retain their power.

Another interesting feature of this name is that England's king signs himself—"George, Rex." This must be taken into consideration, since the signature habitually used, expresses the dominant note in the cosmic vibration—everything in one's life will ultimately come to that vibration. For example, if a man is known to his associates as "Jim," and he habitually signs himself "James" he will come ultimately to the nine vibration of "James," instead of the three vibration of "Jim."

So, George Rex (or just the "R" works out the same way), is the final and conclusive character of the King of England. This is a nine—*he will fulfill his destiny*. complete whatever is expected of him. His "stay-put" characteristics added to the nine of fulfillment settles that point. King George will always, in his capacity of king, do what is expected of him, even while his inner nature longs to start something new.

And there you are. Numerals work out absolutely as dear old Pythagoras said they would—regardless. You merely have to know the key to the complexities of the numbers.

L. M.—Honest injun, your name spells wealth, power and influence through your artistic and creative nature.

The vibrations of your inner nature, as revealed by your first name, count up to 7; seven is the number of the true artist—the creative, romantic, mystic, poetical and spiritual nature. Sometimes only one of these characters show up and sometimes all of them—I'd say you have them all.

Your last name vibrates to eight. Eight is always material freedom and power, and wealth. Inasmuch as it comes in your last name rather than in your first, shows that you are quite likely to attain it. Also, since you always, you say, sign your name with just those two names—never using other initials, I read that your attainment of wealth and position and power will come through and by means of your first-name vibrations. Unless your Path of Life blocks you utterly, you are predestined to win.

A. S. T.—Your vibrations are all commercial. That is, they count up to 4 as the dominant vibration. Four also appears in your first name—that means your inner nature is that of the business person.

I'd say that your chief lack is a sense of humor. You take everything too seriously—not that Life is not to be taken seriously, but people with a sense of humor need not lack seriousness also.

Put the letter "W" into your name. Just see if you can coax in a few vibrations that will be less heavy—less square-headed.

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Midnight and Gilda Gray

(Continued from Page 8)

WE were whirled up Broadway to the Rendezvous, the most famous and popular night club in New York. At last I was about to see Gilda in all her wildness.

But, for the time being, at least, Gilda was an honest working girl bent on the business of entertaining tired New Yorkers in search of relaxation; accommodating (dis) trustful ruralists in search of thrills; and shocking uplifters in search of dirt. It was as serious a business with her as selling government bonds or any other legitimate Wall Street enterprise is to its devotees. It's all in the point of view. At least, that's what she said.

Still, there were all these stories I'd heard of multi-millionaires whose influence and wealth is always at the disposal of Broadway stars; of innumerable broken engagements; of a quartet of marriages—of—I didn't know just what—but all the things one hears—you know.

I was again getting expectant. And surely the night had just begun for this gay dancer. We should see what we should see!

When Miss Gray had put on a stunning little Mack Sennett bathing suit, she led the way down stairs where I could watch her dance.

The orchestra struck up a lively jazz-tune, and a group of glorious girls led by the Golden Gilda pranced out.

The dancers "played up" to the front row tables, just missing by a hair's breadth—but always missing—the outstretched hand of the midnight rounders, searching for sensation. I had become a bit wiser.

"It is just a part of the job," I said to myself. "Those men mean nothing to them except that they must be entertained. If they are not amused, they don't stay and if they don't stay—no "job" for the dancers! It's all in the day's work, even if the work happens to be done at night instead of the day."

At some of the tables there were only men; men with withered faces; men with tired, careworn faces, relaxed only temporarily, and men—a few—whom even unaccustomed eyes recognized as "gay birds." All that "tantalizing stuff" was no more serious than a game of basket-ball, I reflected.

When the dance was finished, Gilda skipped toward me.

"Come on, kid," she whispered, as she passed.

I hastily followed her to her dressing room. It was as modestly furnished as a hospital ward.

With the door safely closed behind us, Gilda the Golden Girl, Gilda the gay, the extravagant, the wild, the—Follies's star "shimmy-er," breathed a sigh of relief.

"Gee, I'm glad that's over. Nothing to do now until tomorrow," she gloated. No, not "between puffs," did she say this. Nary a cig did I see. The Follies' favorite may consume a few hundred packages a day for all I know, but she didn't that night, I'll tell the world!

"You mean you don't like it—this being wild?" I queried.

"Oh, dear no! There's nothing reckless about me—did you fall for that press-agent hokum?" She laughed a silvery, amused ripple.

I nodded assent. I must have looked crestfallen and disappointed. I was—I'll confess I was. I had come for a Midnight story of a midnight party with Gilda Gray, the queen of midnight frolics—and here I was going home as bored as though I had been to a Sunday school picnic. Not a line of copy for MIDNIGHT readers.

"Oh, cheer up, dear. I'll try to do something wicked and devilish if you insist. Now just what would you suggest? Shall I drink a bottle of absinthe, or shall I let in the crowd of Johnnies—you saw for yourself how they rushed me—and dance on the tables, or——"

A SILVER laugh rang out. Gilda was poking fun at me. Could she suspect that I came from Brooklyn? Was she concealing something?

"Tell me honestly," I said, "as between two honest-to-goodness, hard-working flappers, "is this your regular nightly program?"

Miss Gray looked about her in mock-melodramatic stealth.

"Sh-sh-h," she said, "don't give me away. You know how the public are. They must have wickedness. I'd lose class with them if they knew the truth, but I'm just about the poorest imitation of a wild woman you can imagine. Night parties bore me to death. Believe me or not, I'm incurably religious. I mean it, and even if I do dance the shimmy, I always say my prayers!"

"You what?" I groaned. I could be wickeder than that myself.

"Well, what's wrong? Doing the shimmy or saying my prayers?" she inquired innocently.

Finally, Miss Gray was dressed for the street.

"Come along," she said, "and I'll run you over to Brooklyn in my car."

I picked myself up and followed her in silence.

As the car sped onward, Gilda told me of her country home, her dogs and horses; of her struggles and her work; of her hopes and ambitions and her plans to live quietly in the country some day when she has made all the money she needs, and the public has grown tired of being amused and entertained.

Not a word of wild parties, or conquests, or of champagne, of night orgies, or luxurious apartments on Riverside Drive, or multi-millionaires, or steam yachts or—anything that I had come to hear and see. Shocked? I was that and then some.

Finally the car stopped in front of my house.

"I don't like this street," said Gilda. "The houses all look alike. How do you know which is yours?"

"The one with the light in the upper window," said I. "My mother will wait up for me, don't worry. She knows I was at the *Follies*—back stage."

Sure enough! A tearful voice from an upper window called down:

"Oh, are you home safe? Come right in and tell me all. You are forgiven."

I waved good-night to the "wild woman" of the wild Follies and trudged up the steps wearily.

"So," I muttered to myself, "even if she does dance the shimmy, she says her prayers!"

Can you beat it?

The Heart of a Tinpanner

(Continued from Page 26)

have done," Gina retorted, smiling. "It may be too late now. Get him at the Washington Club. If he's not in, ask for a man called Judson, and leave your message with him. Judson holds half of Westchester, not to mention Lenox and the North Shore, in the hollow of his hand. Be frank with him, because he knows much more than you can ever tell him." Gina glanced at her watch. "After six—Kit will have left, I'm afraid."

Olive fixed Miss Sevening with her intense blue eyes, eyes which now were searching, and a bit tragic.

"I want you to take me to that shop where you can get clothes on credit," she said at last.

There was a brief, poignant silence.

"Very well," Gina said then. "You can get anything from a batiste blouse to a sable coatee . . . small weekly payments. Naturally the things are priced high," she added shrewdly.

"I'm in rags!" Olive extended her hands, taking in the room, and she laughed, though without much mirth.

"And you'll have to have things if you mean to pal around with Leinster. . . . My dear, you do? You've thought this over——"

"I know I'm going to get all there is out of life," Olive said a little impatiently. "If you don't care to sponsor me at the shop——"

"I said nothing of the sort! As a matter of fact, I'll be glad to. Let me see . . . We can go tomorrow, on my lunch hour. I'll take the express to Grand Central and meet you at the Manhattan. . . . Would you rather call tonight off? You know you're welcome to anything of mine, and men never notice, as long as there's nothing to notice."

But before Olive could answer that her mind was quite made up on that point, Minnie announced the arrival of the car for Miss Adams. Gina undertook to question the girl . . . though she assured Olive across her shoulder that Kit, of course, hadn't come himself. "Just write a few lines. Say you tried to get him on the phone at the club. Afterwards you can explain that you didn't know about Judson. Better say . . . say a headache—that covers a multitude."

So Olive sat down and scrawled the note which she dispatched by Nevins, the chauffeur, to Kit Leinster. Afterwards her spirits rose. She became quite gay. Tomorrow she would get a new wardrobe and be prepared for all future engagements. It was really very foolish to give up friendship with such a man as Leinster, a man not only charming, but helpful—he had promised to help her with her music. She didn't tell Gina that *Nora* this afternoon had helped her to solve her problems. Quite likely it seemed a bit incongruous even to her that a mere puppet should have more influence than a breathing, thinking man . . . such as Dick Thurston was.

"Heaven knows I deserve a new wardrobe!" Olive defended her actions with. "Here I've been in New York for a year without buying anything worth mentioning——! Besides, I've a birthday next week; there's no law against giving oneself a birthday present is there?"

"Not if one's young enough still to have birthdays," retorted Miss Sevening dryly.

Gina was without engagement for the evening. She was going to have dinner brought to her room—which cost an extra quarter—but she didn't ask Olive to join her. As a matter of fact Miss Sevening had her entire time planned—she had some sewing to do and before bed a facial massage, which she managed better than the beauty specialists, she thought. Olive went down to dinner alone, and caught Thurston busy with his dessert. But whether he had countless helpings, or managed to spin it out, he was just ready to leave the room with Olive.

"Pumpkin pie! It takes me back home," he greeted her with, his eyes serious. "You know I'm from the grass, Miss Adams, and I'm used to huge country meals—dinner in the middle of the day and all that. I suppose you've . . . well, noticed." He laughed.

"Noticed?—noticed what?" she demanded, with an answering smile.

"I kind of feel I must apologize for my appetite, the same as Mrs. Riggs apologizes for the butter and coffee. Minnie says I'm a credit to the house, but I don't know."

Olive spoke impressively. "I think you ought to give Minnie those Palace tickets you promised her. I was wrong about them—she has the right to know there's something more than cheap vaudeville entertainment."

Thurston nodded. "All right," he said readily. "I'll get a pair of tickets and give 'em to her. . . . What are you doing tonight?"

"I ought to write letters—to my stepmother ——"

"That's an idea. I'm going to do my 'Doll's House' writeup before I go down to the office. Come upstairs and I'll show you. It's really a delicate piece of business—you get that, eh? I don't believe in encouraging these rich amateurs to clutter up the stage. Money should be no excuse for stardom. This Miss St. Ives is a bad actress. But she's also sincere, in earnest. She doesn't try to buy up a play by any of the sure-fire fellows—Sheldon, Thomas, Maugham, Barrie. No, she wants to do the finer things of the theatre; and she's had a try at Shakespeare and Sudermann with equally unhappy results. Yet she goes on doing plays which nobody wants to see except by all-star people simply because she believes such plays ought to be done, for the edification of the so-called masses. I can't take a whack at her, knowing this; and yet to encourage her to continue playing——! He broke off and looked at her quizzically. "You think I take myself seriously, eh?"

"Shouldn't you?" Olive asked without pause.

Thurston didn't answer at once. He unlocked his door, and leaving it wide, invited Olive to enter his room.

"Let's talk this thing over," he proposed.

(Continued next week)

Confessions are an important feature in MIDNIGHT

Look for More

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So Spake Summer

(Continued from Page 9)

AND who or what should exercise that control?"

"The courts in their enforcement of the law. The courts have said that in every community there are persons of such high mentality that they would not be affected injuriously by what they see or read, but that there is another and larger class, the youthful, the mentally unstable who are harmed, and it is for their benefit that these laws exist."

"You believe in censorship, then."

"No, I don't," was the quick, surprising answer. "Not for books. I believe that any man has the constitutional right to write and print anything he chooses, but that he must take the consequences of what he does write and print. If anyone complains that what another thus writes and prints is socially harmful, the matter should be brought before the courts for official decision. That is the only purpose and function of this society."

"Why, then, a censorship for the movies?"

"That is different. The movies reach a wider circle than books. They have a more direct influence on the public. I think it is right for the states to appoint commissions to determine in advance what films should be released."

"You wouldn't trust the people, then, to go to see whatever films they liked and to be their own judges of what is harmful?"

"No."

"Then why wouldn't it be a good plan for publishers to submit manuscripts to the censors before they are published?"

"Well," he smiled, "some publishers have asked me to do that. They say, 'If you don't like this you will fight us after it is published. Why not tell us in advance?' And I did it in one or two cases, but that is not the business of this society. Our business is to act in a legal way to enforce the law when complaints are received here and to see that offenders are punished."

Then followed the assertion that society is dependent for its life on the suppression of natural instincts.

We pushed the inquiry further, both, I believe, trying honestly to see what way is best for mankind as a whole.

"Now this matter of sex excitement," I ventured, "Isn't it true, even on your own ground of the fundamental necessity of preserving the home, that a sex impulse that is aroused outside of the home may be gratified at last within the sanctity of the home itself? How can any judge, or jury declare that certain paragraphs or pictures will arouse an impulse that will be gratified outside of the home? It seems to me—and I am trying to speak dispassionately, scientifically, that all such excitement means that nature is trying to get a new life into the world. If there were no sex excitement there would be no new life from generation to generation."

"I think Henry Holt has answered that," he replied. "He says that the sex lure of nature itself is wholesome, but that it is the artificial stimulation of the sex impulse that is harmful."

"But art," I urged, "real art interprets nature. Fiction, poetry, the dance, the drama, paintings, sculpture—these must be interpretations, revelations of nature. If nature stimulates sex, why may not these? Art is largely an expression, a record, an interpretation of emotion. The sex life gives the deepest, highest, most intense emotions of humanity. These emotions are recorded in art, in all the arts, and if they stimulate in others the emotions they portray—is that unwholesome?"

Our cigars were out. We had talked long and with tense application to our subject. And to talk further would have been only to get into a fog.

Perhaps the argument was a draw.

Anyway, I felt that I had found a friend. Sumner had been before that talk an impersonal busybody. I found him to be a thoughtful, earnest chap, honestly trying to help his city to a cleaner, more wholesome life.

I hope we shall have another go at it before long.

I like Sumner, and should like to smooth some of the wrinkles out of his brow.

But I'm glad I got my own hat, and did not try to wear his head-gear home.

A straight-from-the-shoulder, gripping editorial by Bernarr Macfadden is a feature of every issue of MIDNIGHT

You've Got to Have the Legs

At last Ned Wayburn, who stages the Follies every year, tells just what a girl must do to get into the famous Ziegfeld Follies. In the first place, you've got to have the legs—and then there's a course of training to go through with that will interest every woman. In next week's MIDNIGHT.

My Husband's Patients

A doctor's wife tells what she thinks about her husband's patients and his profession. "Some women who come to see him are no sicker than I am," she says. This is a real, inside story of a doctor's domestic difficulties. In next week's MIDNIGHT.

I tore up a $5,000 Letter

So says a man who has bought and sold ol' clothes for twenty years on the streets of New York. His experiences with human nature are astounding—and nothing more astounding than the five thousand dollar letter he found in the pocket of an old suit. In next week's MIDNIGHT.

Can a Man Love Two Women

Well, now, that's a question. We don't pretend to have solved it, but there's a discussion in next week's MIDNIGHT on which you may be able to hang some sort of a satisfactory conclusion.

If the Reformers had Their Way!

A pictorial double spread that will make you stop, look and glisten. There's humor in it—and truth—and food for thought—surely enough of each to make a perusal of it worth while? In next week's MIDNIGHT.

Will Edison Solve the Prohibition Question?

An interview with the Wizard of East Orange gives a startling sidelight on a bare possibility. But with Edison bare possibilities often become concrete facts and you'll learn of a matter that has touched the great inventor's imagination in next week's MIDNIGHT.

Other stories, features and powerful serials go to make the next MIDNIGHT one of the most interesting issues we have published.

MIDNIGHT

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Copy This Sketch

I AM anxious to find men with desire to become draftsmen. With business picking up everywhere many thousands of draftsmen will be needed at salaries ranging from $3000 to $3600 per year.

In asking you to copy this sketch I believe I will be able to tell from the sketch you send in what kind of an opportunity you will have in this great profession.

There are no conditions requiring you to buy anything. You are under no obligations in sending in your sketch. What I want to know is how much you are interested in drawing and your sketch will tell me that.

Ambitious boys and men between the ages of 16 to 50 are wanted by big business concerns, and the man who is ready when opportunity calls him will get the best position and the highest pay.

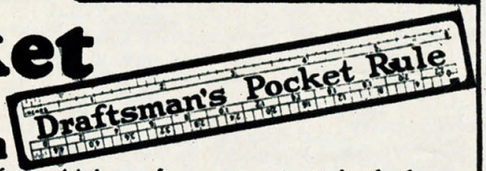
FREE — $80 Drafting Course

To every student enrolling now I give an opportunity of getting an $80 drafting course absolutely without cost to him. So send in your sketch today and learn all about this offer.

FREE — Drafting Outfit

To every student enrolling now I give an opportunity also of getting a regulation draftsmen s outfit made up of the very same instruments which I use myself. Every student gets this splendid set without cost. See illustration below.

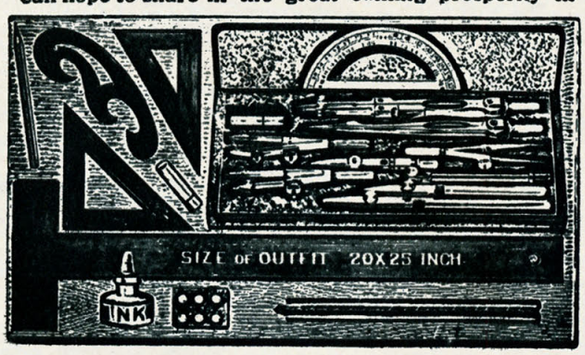
Draftsman's Pocket Rule Free —To Everyone Sending Sketch



To every man sending a sketch I am going to mail free and prepaid the Draftsman's Ivorine Pocket Rule shown here. This will come to you entirely with my compliments. With it I will send a 6x9 book on "Successful Draftsmanship." If you are interested in becoming a draftsman, if you think you have or may attain drafting ability, sit down and copy this drawing, mailing it to me today, writing your name, and your address and your age plainly on the sheet of paper containing the drawing.

$250 to $300 per Month

I am Chief Draftsman of the Engineers' Equipment Co. and I know that there are thousands of ambitious men who would like to better themselves, make more money and secure faster advancement. Positions paying $250 to $300 per month, which ought to be filled by skilled draftsmen, are vacant everywhere. I want to find the men who with practical training and personal assistance will be qualified to fill these positions. No man can hope to share in the great coming prosperity in manufacturing and building unless he is properly trained and is able to do first class practical work.



I know that this is the time to get ready. That is why I am making the above offer. I can now take and train a limited number of students personally and I will give to those students a guarantee to give them by mail practical drawing room training until they are placed in a permanent position with a salary of $250 to $300 per month. You should act promptly on this offer because it is my belief that even though you start now the great boom will be well on by the time you are ready to accept a position as a skilled draftsman. So write to me at once. Enclose sketch or not, as you choose, but find out about the opportunities ahead of you. Let me send you the book "Successful Draftsmanship" telling how you may take advantage of these opportunities by learning drafting at home.

FREE this $25 Draftsman's Working Outfit

These are regular working instruments—the kind I use myself. I give them free to you if you enroll at once. Don't delay. Send for full information today.

Mail Your Drawing at Once

— and Get an Ivorine Pocket Rule Absolutely **Free!**

Ambitious men interested in drafting hurry! Don't wait! This is your opportunity to get into this great profession. Accept the offer which I am making now. Send in your sketch or request for free book and free Ivorine Pocket Rule.

Chief Draftsman, Engineers' Equipment Co., 4001 Broadway, Div 5917 Chicago

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